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[WITH A SUPPLEMENT, SIXPENCE.]

THE ARMY, THE MINISTRY, AND THE PRESS.

WHILE our Army in the Crimea has been performing acts of heroism worthy of any age and of any nation, and earning for itself immortal renown, and the gratitude of every lover of Justice and Freedom, a state of feeling has been produced at home which, if unchecked, or allowed to extend, would serve to paralyse its efforts, and to turn victory and glory into defeat and humiliation. Englishmen would have cause to blush for themselves if the efforts of the writer, or writers, who have closed the old and opened the new year with their gloomy retrospect, and still gloomier predictions, could produce any permanent effect upon their minds. Happily the heart of the nation is sound. A sensation is created—all the greater in proportion to the magnitude of the bad taste, or of the unpatriotism, displayed by writers such as those to whom we have alluded; but it passes away, at the first moment of cool reflection, without other effect than loss of credit to those who prove themselves to be so unworthy of their countrymen. The blatant bullies of the press—if there be more than *one* journal deserving of such an epithet—bellow in vain. They do not represent the sentiments of the people. They speak for themselves alone, or for that small and sour section of disappointed men who act upon the principle of Satan—that it is “better to reign in hell than serve in heaven;” or who sacrifice truth upon the shrine of their wounded self-conceit or unreasoning vindictiveness.

Many mistakes have doubtless been made in the conduct of the war. It would have been extraordinary, indeed, if there had not; and the prescience of Ministers, and of all their functionaries—from the highest to the lowest grades, both military and civil, would have been something superhuman, if no club-room critic, no tap-room statesman, no General of Puddledock had been able to point out an error, a defect, or a failure. When the Arch-fiend is represented as rebuking Sin, the poet or the philosopher who puts words into his mouth, always shows us the infernal motive for so singular a display. The journal which for the last two weeks has been doing its utmost to sow dissension and produce discouragement, to prevent recruiting, and to disgust the nation with the war, should be judged in the same way. Before its rebuke be accepted as a thing of any value, we should look to its character and its antecedents.

If we do so, we shall find that it has been dishonest throughout; that it has striven, before and after the commencement of the war, to serve the cause of the enemy; that its correspondents have been injudicious, and its conductors malevolent. One day it has striven to disgust the bulk of the people by the unfounded statement that the war had increased the price of bread, and would increase it still more, until famine and all its horrors invaded the land. On another it has asserted that this great and mighty nation—allied with another nation as great and mighty as itself—had undertaken an enterprise beyond the limits of its power; that it tottered upon the pinnacle, and was ready to fall; and that the foe, reinforced at the rate of thirty thousand a day, would crush and overwhelm us. So powerfully, and with such unction, was the picture drawn, that every one imagined the writer would be rather pleased than otherwise at the realisation of his vision, and that shame and discomfiture would better suit his calculation than the victory of his countrymen. Though the misleading journal could not deny the undoubted heroism displayed at Alma, at Balaclava, and at Inkerman, it discovered dark spots on the sun-like brightness of the glory, and spoke of cowards and of deserters—of eight unwounded men seeking an excuse to get out of harm's way by carrying one wounded man to the rear—and of officers throwing up their commissions, not in disgust, but in fear. And, amid these and countless other misrepresentations, the strong under-tide of all its lucubrations was to depict us in the eyes of the Emperor of Russia as a dispirited and divided people. When, on the very day that Parliament rose after its short session, the *Times*, knowing that there could be no Parliamentary reply to its attack until the 23rd of the present month, chose to assert that our army in the Crimea was drifting to destruction; that the General was “invisible,” and not known by sight either to officers or private soldiers; that every department was grossly mismanaged; that there was no directing head,

no energy, no authority, no supervision;—that the men were actually rotting away, and that a body of the finest and bravest soldiers in the world were ruthlessly and blindly sacrificed by incompetence and stupidity; the first impulse of its readers was to ask the motive of the publication? If the facts were wholly or partially true, it was asked why they had not been published on the Friday, when Parliament was sitting, instead of the Saturday morning, when it would be impossible to call its attention to

the subject? Patriotism, if such a virtue had inspired the divulgement of a painful story, would have been glad to have given Parliament an opportunity of eliciting further and possibly more correct information, and of putting an immediate end to a state of affairs, of which every hour's continuance was a national disgrace as well as calamity. But it did not answer the purpose of the writer that Parliament should take up the question. The publication was, therefore, postponed until



THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA ON HIS THRONE, IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the business of Parliament was concluded. The question may well be asked—if Patriotism or even Honesty inspired such a writer.

But supposing the facts to be true, the nation will form its own opinion of the motives of those who chose such a time to publish statements which were sure to be telegraphed within a few hours to St. Petersburg, for the comfort and the guidance of the Emperor Nicholas. If, on the other hand, we suppose the story to be altogether untrue, or grossly exaggerated, what language can sufficiently designate the wickedness, if not the treason, of those who made themselves responsible for it? The liberty of the press is one of the noblest boons this country enjoys. It has laid the foundations of our greatness, and will help to complete, as it already adorns, the structure. But licentiousness of the press—an evil in times of peace which the ordinary tribunals can easily correct—becomes in times of war a dangerous nuisance. We hope the day will never come when sterner and prompter agencies may, for the public interests and safety, be found essential to control it.

Yet although the country owes no thanks to the motives of those who have made these melancholy statements, it is notorious that they are not altogether unfounded. The French army, more numerous than our own, has, it appears, been well supplied with every article which its necessities and its efficiency require. While our men are in rags, and are hutless, and almost foodless, the French are trim and tight, and in admirable order, have huts to cover them, and can spare from their superfluity to help the necessities of their allies. This we believe to have been true; but it should be borne in mind that much of this misery in the British Camp was caused by the fearful hurricane of the 14th of November, which wrecked our transports, and did incalculable damage in a thousand other ways; and that daily since that disastrous visitation reinforcements of men and supplies of stores have been landed in the Crimea; and that the complaints, however well founded, refer to a state of things which has passed away, and been remedied. It should also be borne in mind that we know our own afflictions, but not those of our opponents or of our allies. Prince Menschikoff is the only "Own Correspondent" in the Russian Camp; and General Canrobert will have no newspaper reporters within his lines. The world only knows a very little of what passes in the French army; while the proceedings and state of the British Camp are as plain and clear and minutely exposed to all the world—the Czar included—as if they were photographed.

The attacks upon the Ministry need excite no particular regret or animadversion, and, for our parts, we are not Ministerial apologists. In this free country, any one who consents to be a Minister of State makes up his mind to be attacked; and a large portion of the public enjoys the spectacle. So it always has been, and so it ever will be; and Ministers are none the worse, but, we believe, a good deal better, for the party jealousy or animosity that besets them. It is not of much, if of any, importance, that we are aware of, that the Duke of Newcastle should continue to be War Minister. If he be neither popular nor effective, the world can wag without him. If he have committed blunders, he and his colleagues, all equally guilty, can be made responsible for them; and if the Ministry itself stand in the way of a proper prosecution of the war, the nation has statesmen enough to supply the places of most, if not of all, of them. It would be an inconvenience at the present time to change them; but the inconvenience would after all be but slight; and the benefit of a Ministry thoroughly popular, and having the confidence of the great bulk of the nation, would far more than counterbalance any evil caused by the removal of any man, or set of men, who, whatever their abilities, might labour under the disadvantage of unpopularity.

The attacks upon Lord Raglan stand on a totally different footing. They are unjust and ungenerous in the extreme. To say that they display bad taste and presumptuous ignorance on the part of those who put them forward is not to characterise with sufficient force the pragmatic stolidity of those who, sitting comfortably at home, without any other experience than that of the pen, scribble away—in as far as lies in their power—the reputation of honourable men, who are risking their lives in defence of their country, and who are laden with the heaviest responsibilities that can be laid on the head or the heart of a human being. The Ministers can fight their own battle with hostile critics. Not so Lord Raglan. The only answer he can make is to conquer the enemy. That he will do so, even with the means already at his command, or on the way, or with those provided by our brave and true allies the French, there are very few persons in the country, competent to form an opinion, who have ever presumed to doubt. The true hero is always magnanimous; and Lord Raglan, strong in conscious rectitude, will let the little flies buzz in his ear, and do his duty unconscious of their existence.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA UPON HIS THRONE.

THE scene of Imperial State represented upon the preceding page possesses the most significant interest at the present moment—more especially by those who join in the poet's creed—

'Tis the sunset of life gives the mystical lore,
For coming events cast their shadows before.

Perchance those shadows may dim the brilliancy of the scene of Imperial splendour which our Artist has depicted mainly from the sketch-book of a tourist who lately visited St. Petersburg. The Emperor is seated upon his Throne, in a magnificent Chair of State; above are emblazoned the Imperial Eagle, and other insignia of the empire; the canopy is of crimson velvet, and deep gold fringe; and the Corinthian columns are of white enamel, with richly-gilt capitals. It is altogether a scene of impressive splendour.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.—By a strange coincidence which will not again occur for a long time, the new year commences on the same day as in 1849, and consequently all through the year the date will be on the same day. But what is more singular is, that all the moveable holidays, from Septuagesima to Advent, fall on the same dates and the same days. The almanacks of 1849 might therefore serve for the present year.

THE FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY MOVEMENT.—A general meeting of the members of Freehold Land Societies was held at the Royal Hotel, Birmingham, on Wednesday night, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. James Taylor, the founder of these institutions, and the secretary of the Birmingham Society from its commencement, but from the active duties of which office he is about retiring in consequence of declining health. The testimonial consisted of a tea and coffee service, handsomely wrought in silver, and a purse containing 500 guineas. Mr. Taylor, in returning thanks for the present thus made to him, gave a hasty sketch of the rise and progress of freehold land societies. In the last seven years 2000 allotments had been distributed in Birmingham alone, although on the first night the society met only twenty-eight shares were taken, and 28s. subscribed; whereas the subscriptions in that town alone now amounted to more than £10,000 per annum.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.

The receptions at the Tuilleries on the occasion of the New Year have been very brilliantly attended, showing a marked difference in this respect to those of last year. On the 28th the Empress gave a small *soirée intime*. The same evening the Emperor received the Corps Législatif, their President at the head, in the Galerie de Diapre; and, after hearing the substance of the vote of the Assembly and replying in a short speech, his Majesty invited the whole body to present themselves in the *salon* of the Empress, whither they proceeded through a double range of the Cent-Gardes. The unexpected addition of upwards of 260 persons to the number already collected in the apartment of the Empress (the party consisted chiefly of members of the Corps Diplomatique, with a sprinkling of Austrian officers, and some of the *élite* of Parisian society, among whom ranked not a few Legitimist names) caused at first considerable crowding; but by degrees space was cleared, and each of the deputies was enabled, in his turn, to salute her Majesty, who received them with her usual graciousness. The Emperor retired as early as ten o'clock—the Empress, an hour later.

It is said that the Duc de Montebello is likely to enter the Senate, and later to replace the Marquis de Turgot, whose health continues to be very precarious, as Ambassador to Spain.

The health of M. Bineau, Minister of Finance, which a short time since was so seriously impaired as to cause much apprehension, is so far restored as to enable him to resume his Ministerial functions.

The attempted assassination of the General de Rostolan is still a subject of much excitement here. The general being on horseback in the middle of his Staff, a man in a blouse approached and fired at him, but the ball, missing its object, struck Colonel Fornier de St. Lary, the principal Aide-de-Camp, in the leg, wounding him—happily not severely. The Colonel, with the aid of General Rostolan and the Staff, was conducted to the neighbouring military post. The intended assassin—who, it seems, was formerly one of the corps of Zouaves, who wished to serve as a substitute, but had been refused on account of the badness of his official notes—was seized by a dragoon. General Rostolan, who thus narrowly escaped falling a victim to the insensate rage of a miscreant whose vengeance he had done nothing whatever to provoke, is one of the most distinguished and respected veterans in the French army. He was formerly Commandant of the *élèves* of the Ecole Polytechnique; first organiser of the Tirailleurs de Vincennes; and, after Oudinot, Commander-in-Chief of the expedition to Rome. For the last year he has been incessantly employed in superintending with the utmost skill and activity the embarkation of the troops for the East; and, during the time when the cholera raged so fearfully and fatally at Marseilles, displayed a zeal, an attention, and devotion to the care of the inmates of the military hospitals that was beyond all commendation. Colonel Fornier, whose wound is not likely to produce any serious results, is well known and much esteemed in his civil as well as military character, having been a member of the Legislative Assembly, where he always remained among the partisans of order; and since then head of the Staff at Toulouse, and at Marseilles, his present post.

The inquiries respecting the late troubles at Dreux have led to various arrests—among others that of the Marquise de Jarsy, at her château of Seine-et-Marne, for the distribution of seditious papers, brought through Belgium. An examination took place at the domicile of M. Caylas, late editor of the *National*, but it is believed that nothing of a particularly suspicious nature has been discovered.

The Comédie Française and the Odéon have both, with the departure of the old year, experienced serious losses in the *personnel* of their companies; the former, in the death of a young, handsome, and attractive actress, Mlle. Rimblot, who died suddenly of a disease of the membranes of the brain, at the age of six-and-twenty. Without possessing a remarkable talent, Mlle. Rimblot had sufficient to fulfil more than satisfactorily the rôles confided to her: her beauty, her absence of pretension, and good sense, predisposed both her colleagues and the public in her favour, and she is universally regretted. Mlle. Fernand was one of the principal supports of the Odéon: her distinguished air and manner, her pure and energetic diction, her grace and ease, peculiarly fitted her for the parts of *grande dame*, in which she never failed to obtain merited applause. Her success in the part of *Madame de Verneuil*, in "Que dira le Monde?" was one of her latest and most brilliant successes. Madame Ugalde has returned to her post at the Opéra Comique, in the rôle of *Galathée*, one of her best. M. Achille Fould, Minister of State, has accorded the sum of 12,000 francs, to be divided among the five oldest *sociétaires* of the Théâtre Français—MM. Samson, Geoffroy, Regnier, Beauvallet, and Provost. The last *sociétaire* received in this theatre is Mlle. Emilie Dubois, whose first rôle—that of *Jeanne*, in "Lady Tartuffe"—placed her, at the age of fifteen, in the rank of *première ingénue*, and has already obtained her position of *sociétaire*, which Mlle. Rimblot, among others, had for years been vainly desiring to gain. The theatrical reports inform us that, during the course of the past year the different houses in Paris brought out 193 vaudevilles and other light pieces, 24 dramas, a single tragedy, 18 operas, 17 comedies, and two ballets—in all, 255 pieces. The "Trovatore," at the Italian Opera, has a great and popular, though disputed, success. Like all Verdi's music, it is loud, and often more remarkable for singularity than melody; and the poem is confused, and at times almost incomprehensible; the effect, however, is fine as a whole, and all the parts are remarkably well rendered.

AMERICA.

By the mail steamer *Union*, which arrived off Cowes, on Tuesday, en route to Havre, we have New York letters and newspapers to the 16th ult.

The proceedings in the Legislature are unimportant. In the Senate a memorial from the New York Chamber of Commerce, asking for an expedition to relieve Dr. Kane, was referred. A measure authorising the President to procure the erection of a lighthouse on Cape Race was introduced in the Lower House.

A telegraphic despatch from Washington, in the *New York Herald*, says:

It is believed in well-informed circles, that a portion of the Cabinet are in favour of adopting hostile measures towards Spain, and incidentally having a brush with England. The theory of this policy would be the annexation of Cuba and Canada at the same time. Mr. Cushing is the masterspirit in this movement, and, if he succeeds in getting the President to adopt it, Marcey will have to leave the State department to make room for the fighting brigadier. The *Union* this morning, in an article apologising for the Greytown outrage, takes occasion to pitch into England savagely. The article is understood to be from the pen of General Cushing, and is in harmony with his views publicly expressed. General Cushing is smart enough to be convinced that nothing but saltpetre can save the Administration, and, as self-preservation is the first law of nature, he is willing to sacrifice the true interests of the country to further his selfish ends. The programme does not include the necessity of a war with France, for it is supposed the temporary and unnatural alliance now existing between England and that country will soon be abruptly terminated.

The *New York Herald* contains the following announcement respecting the intended establishment of a new line of ocean steamers between Europe and New York, on a route which has been so strangely neglected by British enterprise:—

During the past year the steam-ship lines between Europe and this continent have been materially reduced. The Collins Company have lost the *Arctic*, the Havre Company have lost the *Humboldt* and *Franklin*, and several of the Cunard line to New York, and others of the British Northern Provincial and West India lines, have been drawn off for transportation purposes to Sebastopol. There is room for more Atlantic steam-ships, and, just in the nick of time, we have the man to step in and fill up the deficiency, as far as New York is concerned. We understand that Mr. C. Vanderbilt is now building two fine steamers, upon the general plan of the *North Star*, to ply from New York to Havre or Liverpool, and that they will be ready for sea in the course of the coming spring. We are also informed that the Commodore intends, within the course of sixteen or eighteen months, to have six or eight additional steamers put upon the Atlantic, to ply between this port and Havre or Liverpool.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

The *Ganges*, which left Constantinople on the 25th ult., arrived at Toulon on Tuesday with more encouraging news from the seat of war than those brought by the previous steamer. Nothing was yet known as to what Omer Pacha intended to do; but the transportation of the troops from Varna was going on. No less than eighteen Turkish battalions had already landed at Eupatoria. As soon as the 30,000 men were completed, it was expected that the Allies would resume their grand operations. The besiegers had in part reopened their fire. The weather had become better, and the communication by sea was regular.

According to one account, the fire was to open on Christmas-day, from 300 guns, with such a supply of ammunition as would enable them to continue, without stopping, for forty-eight hours, after which an assault, from both armies, would take place. If the weather has been favourable, we may, therefore, expect to hear some decisive news in a few days. On the 22nd there was a sharp frost at Sebastopol, accompanied with snow, and both sides were said to be preparing for a battle.

The Russian troops in the field were suffering very severely from the weather. Prince Menschikoff complained that he was sustaining great losses of men and horses from the severity of the weather, and a despatch from Odessa states that two companies of Russian soldiers and a considerable number of sick (conveyed in forty carriages) have perished from the extreme cold. Accounts received from Sebastopol at St. Petersburg mention that 7000 of the inhabitants of the former place had quitted it, in order to take refuge at Simpheropol, and that it resembled some vast barracks in ruin, rather than a city.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE CRIMEA.

A despatch from Admiral Hamelin, dated December 22, states that more than 4700 troops had arrived between the 13th and 18th; and that 2170 had reached Kamiesch on the 20th ult. Should supplies continue to arrive at this rate—1000 men per day—the French contingent will soon be strong enough to take Sebastopol without any help from either English or Turks. Nor is the supply likely to slacken for some time.

The French papers state that 5000 men were embarked for the East at Toulon and Marseilles in the course of last week, and that after the departure of the 9th Division, which is now nearly complete, the 10th will be organised. One of the regiments belonging to it has already arrived at Marseilles. The two war battalions of the 49th Regiment of the Line, in garrison at Nîmes, have been ordered to the Crimea. The first left for Marseilles on the 26th, and the second on the 28th. General Cour, Commander of the 9th Division, sailed in the *Sinai*, on the 29th, for Constantinople, with 10 officers and 400 rank and file.

As regards the strength of the English army in the Crimea, no accurate information on the subject has been allowed to transpire lately, but there can be no doubt that it has received considerable additions within the last month or two, as the Russians have found to their cost. The letters brought by the *Ganges*, which left Constantinople on the 25th, state that "the extension of the Allied lines has very much interrupted the communications and the transport of provisions between Sebastopol and the Russian corps near Balaclava."

In virtue of a French ministerial decision of the 28th ult., a detachment of 400 Marines has been sent to reinforce the expeditionary corps of that arm now before Sebastopol. Those men were supplied by the dépôts of the 1st and 2nd Regiments, quartered at Cherbourg and Brest, and are to sail directly for the Crimea in the steam corvette *Phlegéton*.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

If any faith can be placed in letters addressed to, and intelligence received by, German journals from Odessa, considerable bodies of infantry are being pushed down to the Crimea from the Bessarabian army, and their places filled up by reserve brigades and by divisions from General Panutiuk's (Second) Corps, hitherto stationed in Volhynia; whilst the latter are relieved by divisions of the First Corps and Corps of Grenadiers. The Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Divisions, forming the Third Corps, now commanded by General Read, in the place of General Osten-Sacken, removed to the Fourth Corps, are said to have marched through Odessa on their way to Percep, in successive columns of brigades, whose movements are to be aided by waggons, principally furnished by the German colonists, dotted over the intervening steppes, in the same manner that they aided with 2000 waggons in the transport of the Fourth Corps immediately previous to the battle of Inkerman. Taking the Russian returns at their value on paper, the three divisions, each of sixteen battalions, would give 48,600 bayonets, including the Third Battalion of Rifles. But the utmost average amount of effective combatants does not and cannot exceed 700 men, half of them being recruits of the last eighteen months' levies. The actual force of the three divisions, when they reach Sebastopol, will therefore be about 32,000 bayonets, with 140 field-pieces; that is, if the fourteen batteries of the corps can keep up with the infantry.

To this corps is attached the Third Division of Light Cavalry, consisting of the 5th and 6th Lancers and 5th and 6th Hussars, each of eight squadrons, or about 3200 effectives. It has also fourteen field-batteries, of ten guns each, divided into three brigades, one of which is horse of two batteries. A position battery of 12 or 18 pounders is attached to each foot brigade. The corps has further a battalion of Sappers, and six battalions (or rather strong companies) of field-train; so that its total amount may be set down at 44,000 effectives. Supposing this corps to join the Crimean army, the following will be the general detail of infantry, according to corps d'armée:—

| | Battalions. | Men. |
|----------------------------------------------------|-------------|--------|
| Grenadier Corps; 2nd Carbineers (Moscow) | 3 | 2,100 |
| 3rd Corps: Three Divisions, six brigades | 49 | 33,000 |
| 4th Corps: Three Divisions, six brigades | 49 | 25,000 |
| 5th Corps: One brigade | 3 | 4,800 |
| 6th Corps: Two Divisions, four brigades | 38 | 16,600 |
| Black Sea Line Cossacks | 4 | 2,400 |
| Marines | 8 | 4,000 |
| Total | 154 | 90,900 |

Thus, allowing 25,000 men for the service of the place and forts, Prince Menschikoff will have 65,000 bayonets disposable for outside work, with at least 12,000 horse, and 300 field-pieces. Of the Danube army, originally under Prince Gortschakoff, only the Second Brigade of the Fourteenth and the whole of the Fifteenth Division will remain in Bessarabia. Common reason shows, therefore, that the places of the six Divisions, moved or moving from thence to the Crimea within the last two months, have been filled up by troops from Volhynia and Podolia, so as to give at least 60,000 effectives to Prince Gortschakoff's force.

Having a knowledge that Prince Menschikoff will shortly be enabled to dispose of the above-mentioned force of 90,000 bayonets, of course the British and French Governments must be fully aware that it is for them to take such precautions as shall place the Allied Commanders in a position to attack or defend upon tolerably equal grounds.

THE BLACK SEA FLEET.

Kazatch Bay, the little inlet adjoining to the one containing the French ships, now holds the remnant of the Black Sea fleet. As an anchorage it is decidedly superior to the Katscha. No wind, except, perhaps, a westerly hurricane, such as there is little reason to anticipate, can disturb the ships which ride on its bosom. The *Vengeance* and *Rodney*, in tow of the *Agamemnon* and *Algiers*, joined the Commander-in-Chief, from the Katscha, on the 11th ult. These, with the *Hannibal*, compose our whole force of line-of-battle ships at present watching Sebastopol. The French retain but four. The gauntlet thus is again thrown down to the enemy to engage upon equal terms; for our superiority in screw-ships may be fairly supposed to be counterbalanced by the superior strength of their three-deckers. The *Bellerophon*, at Eupatoria, and the *Sanspareil*, at Balaclava, would be unable to partake in the conflict. No one expects, however, to see a Russian, either by sea or land, dare to engage on equal terms. A report that they were preparing for sea caused much joyous excitement a short time ago, but according to the latest accounts the grim hulls were lying as listlessly as ever beneath their batteries and behind their sunken ships. The passage through this breakwater appears, from the course of the *Vladimir* on the day of her attack on the French lines, to be on the southern side, and not to be a straight one, as the ship made a considerable angle. In her gallant fight on that day the *Valorous* was struck five times, and so near did she approach the batteries that Minié balls were used by the enemy. Fort Constantine fired very little, and from one of the tiers of guns being almost wholly removed, and many guns from the other tiers, it is inferred that it is no longer in a state to afford much resistance to a brisk cannonade.

Admiral Hamelin, to whom Count de Lastie presented the insignia of his new dignity, was to resign on the 23rd the command of the French fleet to Vice-Admiral Bruat, and was expected at Constantinople on the 26th. Admiral Dundas had arrived at Constantinople on his way to England, having left Rear-Admiral Lyons at the head of the English squadron.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

The *Courrier de Marseille* has letters from Trebizond to the 5th of December, from which it appears that the Russian army had advanced to Toprak-Kale, by the routes of Diadin and Uch-Klisseh. The greatest consternation prevailed at Erzeroum, though the garrison of that city had been reinforced by 8000 Turks; but these forces were scarcely organised, and their good conduct in the field was a matter of doubt.

The Russians have organised a native militia in various parts of Circassia, officered by Muscovites. Columns of this militia had made their appearance at several points, and strong detachments had attacked Redoubt-Kale on the 3rd of December. The Turkish garrison, animated by the presence of a few English officers, had repulsed the enemy with complete success; and the artillery of the fortress, particularly under the direction of these officers, had caused the assailants very considerable loss. Notwithstanding the failure of this attack, the situation of Redoubt-Kale was held to be precarious, should the Russians return in sufficient strength, obstinately bent on carrying the place.

Reinforcements had been demanded from Batoum, and were impatiently expected. As soon as the intelligence reached Trebizond, the military governor set out for Tchourouk-sou, to concert measures with Mustapha Pacha, the General commanding in Anatolia.

THE SULTAN'S VISIT TO THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The *Journal de Constantinople* of the 24th December contains the following account of the visit paid by the Sultan to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge:—

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, whose health is better, left the Hotel d'Angleterre on Monday last, to take up his residence at the Palace of the British Embassy at Pera.

On Friday last his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, accompanied by his ordinary suite, proceeded to the Palace of the Embassy to visit his Royal Highness. The Sultan was received at the entrance of the Palace by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and the whole *personnel* of the British Legation in full uniform, and by the Duke of Cambridge, who waited at the head of the grand staircase.

Introduced into the chief saloon, the Sultan entered most affably into conversation with the Duke. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and M. Etienne Pisani, First Dragoman of the Embassy, were present at this interview; and, as the noble Ambassador remained standing, his Majesty graciously requested him to be seated. After the interview—which lasted twenty minutes, and in which the Sultan expressed to the Duke his sentiments of friendship and sympathy for Queen Victoria and the English people, and his satisfaction at the improvement in the Duke's health—his Majesty visited Lady Stratford, who, with her daughters, was in the ball-room, and conversed with them in the most friendly manner.

The Duke accompanied the Sultan half way down the grand staircase, when the Sultan insisted he should go no farther. Lord Stratford and the other members of the Legation accompanied his Majesty to the great vestibule. M. Etienne Pisani accompanied his Majesty to the palace gates, where the Sultan mounted his horse and returned to Tcheragan.

THE CZAR'S PREPARATIONS FOR 1855.

The latest accounts from St. Petersburg speak of the Emperor Nicholas as devoting himself with the most untiring activity to the business of the Russian War-office, in anticipation of hostilities with Austria. The Ministers Nesselrode, Dolgorouki, and Panin have a great deal to do. The former has had to abandon his favourite pleasure of playing at whist and *hombre*; Dolgorouki is required to present every day an increase of the army; and Panin to present a new register of voluntary donations.

To make up the deficit resulting to the Treasury by the diminution of the duties on foreign imports, the Minister of Finance, M. de Brock, has had recourse to various expedients. The price of salt, for example, has been considerably increased in a great part of the empire; and a recent ukase provides for the augmentation of the revenue from the monopoly of tobacco. The Minister of the Interior, Count Panin, on his part, animated with the same financial zeal, excites by different measures, and especially by the direct action of the Government functionaries and the clergy, the patriotic enthusiasm of the people, so as to cause them to make voluntary donations. Thus, for example, when in a province a contractor for the sale of liquors, which is a Government monopoly, does not make a voluntary sacrifice of some hundred quarts of spirits of wine for the troops on the march, it is certain that the contract will not be prolonged. The fanaticism of the Russian serfs is excited by different means: but a great many people are now already learning to make a distinction between the interests of the country and those of Czarism. It is only when the Government fears to cause misery and famine that it lessens the rigour of its fiscal measures. Thus, in Finland, it has not dared yet to prohibit the exportation of hemp, flax, pitch, and timber, as it has prohibited the export of the raw material of the south of Russia.

The Admirals of the Russian Baltic fleet and the Generals having command in the large towns on the shores of the Gulf of Finland have been summoned to the Ministry of War at St. Petersburg, where a number of councils have been held. It has been decided that the fortifications of the coast towns must be strengthened, and that entrenched camps, each large enough to receive an infantry division, must be formed near them. A system of strongly-entrenched camps, which is forthwith to be carried into execution, will extend from Cronstadt to most of the strategic points in Poland.

A private letter from St. Petersburg, dated Dec. 26th, mentions that some important changes have taken place, and more were expected, among the higher officers of the army. The one looked upon as the most serious is the nomination of General de Berg, who distinguished himself at Revel by the measures he adopted for the defence of that place against the Allied fleets. He has been appointed Commandant-in-Chief of Finland, in the place of General Rokossovski, who commanded there when Bomarsund was attacked by the Allies. This nomination is considered all the more significant that Finland is fully expected to become the theatre, or rather one of the theatres, of war next spring. Political persons at St. Petersburg fully believe that the King of Sweden is determined to abandon all idea of neutrality, and whenever hostilities recommence in the north to take an active part with the Allies. A similar resolve is expected from the King of Denmark, particularly since the fall of the Oersted Cabinet, which was favourable to the Russians.

An Imperial manifesto has been issued. It contains the following passages:—

Our duty as a Christian forbids us to desire a further shedding of blood, and certainly we will not reject any propositions and conditions of peace, provided they be compatible with the dignity of our empire and the welfare of our subjects.

But another and a no less sacred duty bids us, in this obstinate struggle, to exert every effort and prepare for every sacrifice which the greatness of the means of attack brought against us demands.

We will all, if necessary, show a bold front to our enemies, with sword in hand and the cross in our hearts.

The Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, who left Sebastopol on the 15th ult., at the urgent request of the Empress, are to return to the Crimea on the 7th inst.

THE CONFERENCE AT VIENNA.

The final decision of Austria, which was to be made on the 1st of January, has been postponed for another fortnight, at the request of Prince Gortschakoff—he not being authorised, he alleges, to give a categorical answer to the Note agreed upon by the Three Powers, explanatory of the Four Points which are to form the basis of negotiations. The most contradictory statements are given regarding the probable result of this last attempt to bring Russia to reason. One account represents the Czar as having declared his willingness to accept "the principle of the four points in their integrity, and without reserve," which declaration is said to have been deemed satisfactory by Austria. On the other hand, a letter from Vienna, of the 26th ult., affirms that Russia will not enter into negotiations on the basis of the Four Points unless hostilities are instantly suspended, and the Allied army withdrawn from the Crimea. A more recent communication from Vienna, in the *Frankfort Journal*, says:—

Not only has no reply arrived from St. Petersburg to the Austrian summons, but not even has any written acknowledgment been sent from that city of the notification of the treaty of December 2, which certainly the Russian Cabinet ought to have sent, were it only through politeness. When, therefore, it is affirmed in various quarters that Prince Gortschakoff has already handed in a provisional note from St. Petersburg, we are able to declare that that assertion is altogether erroneous. Doubts are even entertained of the arrival of any such document for some days to come. It is easy to imagine that these proceedings of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg are not satisfactory, although Prince Gortschakoff continues to give verbally pacific assurances. It is at the same time exceedingly to be regretted that the efforts of Prussia to maintain peace between Russia and Austria find so little support at St. Petersburg. War between Russia and Austria is looked on in well-informed circles as inevitable. In these circumstances it is not improbable that orders have been sent, as is affirmed, for the army to leave its winter quarters, and take up strategical positions at the commencement of January.

Galignani quotes a letter from Berlin, dated the 25th ult., which says:—"According to recent accounts from St. Petersburg it may be considered as certain that the Emperor of Russia will for the present refuse any ulterior concession. Very confidential communications have been made in this sense to the Prussian Cabinet."

The Conference at Vienna on the 28th was not attended by the Russian Plenipotentiary, as has been stated in some of the papers, nor was the protocol agreed upon communicated to him. Count de Buol, Baron de Bourqueney, and the Earl of Westmoreland, having signed the protocol containing their interpretation of the Four Points, the Austrian Minister conveyed to Prince Gortschakoff "the sense of the interpretation," which he has transmitted to St. Petersburg. If the Czar is anxious for peace, a telegraphic despatch will convey his answer, no doubt. If he is resolved to go on, he will take advantage of the fortnight's grace, as on former occasions.

THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT BILL.

The question of the enrolment of foreign troops for the English service is exciting much attention in Belgium and in Holland. In both countries, but particularly in the former, there are many retired sub-officers desirous of entering the above service. Numerous young officers, too, in the Belgian army are also willing to quit it for the English one, provided they have the guarantee that at the end of the war they will be received back into the former with the grade they have attained in the latter. There is, however, no little difficulty in the way of such a guarantee, particularly as Belgium is, by virtue of existing treaties, a neutral country.

The Swiss papers speak of an interview having been held between our representative in Switzerland and the President of the Confederation, the subject of which was understood to be the desire of our Government openly to enlist men in Switzerland for the purposes of the war with Russia. Several Swiss officers of rank were spoken of as willing to raise auxiliary troops for England.

The *Swabian Mercury* states that in Spain, Holland, and Hamburg, dépôts for receiving volunteers for the Foreign Legion which England is about to raise are to be established under the direction of English officers. Each volunteer, it adds, is to receive 25*l.* on entering, and 300*l.* when he shall have joined his regiment. He is also, it says, to receive as much tea, liquor, &c., as he likes.

The Prussian Government, as was to be expected, is using every means to prevent its subjects from enlisting. The Governor of the province of Posen has issued the following notification:—

The criminal code of Prussia prescribes that whoever enlists a Prussian into the military service of foreign States, or introduces him to their recruiting agents, likewise whoever intentionally seduces a Prussian soldier to desert or knowingly assists his desertion, will be punished with from three months' to three years' imprisonment. Any attempt at the above will be visited with a similar punishment. As offices are now about to be opened in the Netherlands and free towns, for the purpose of enlisting men into foreign service, I take this opportunity of bringing the above penal law to mind, and call upon all the police authorities of the province immediately to arrest any recruiting agent, and hand him over to the State prosecutor, to take from him his papers, and, if he is a foreigner, to take measures for his being sent over the frontier after undergoing his punishment. I require to be informed of each separate instance.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES ROBERTSON ARNOLD, K.H.

LIEUT.-GENERAL ARNOLD, K.H., K.C., died at his residence in Onslow-square on the 27th ult. The gallant officer was second son of the late General Benedict Arnold, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Edward Shippen, Chief Judge of Pennsylvania; and elder brother of the late Captain William Fitch Arnold, of Little Missenden Abbey, Bucks. He entered the corps of Royal Engineers in 1798, and served more than half a century. In 1800 he was present at the blockade and surrender of Malta; in 1801 participated in the campaign in Egypt, at the capture of Aboukir Castle, the battle of Alexandria, and the expulsion of the French from Grand Cairo. He was subsequently for several years in the West Indies, and took part in the conquest of the colonies of Demerara, Essequibo, Berbice, and Surinam. At the last-named place he was severely wounded, while successfully leading the storming party against the redoubt Frederici and Fort Leyden. For his conduct on that occasion he was honourably mentioned in the public despatches, and was presented by the Committee of the Patriotic Fund with a sword of the value of £100. His last military services were in Bermuda and North America. On the accession of King William IV. to the throne, General Arnold was appointed one of his Majesty's Aides-de-Camp. He married Virginia, daughter of Bartlett Goodrich, Esq., of Saling Grove, Essex.

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WILLIAM HOWE WINDHAM, ESQ., OF FELBRIGG-HALL, NORFOLK.

THIS gentleman—one of the principal landed proprietors of the county of Norfolk—died on the 22nd ult., at 11, Berkeley-square, the residence of the Marquis of Bristol. Mr. Windham represented the Eastern Division of Norfolk in the first reformed Parliament. He was the eldest son of the late Admiral Windham, of Felbrigg, who changed his patronymic Lukyn for the surname of Windham, on succeeding to the estates of the distinguished senator, the Right Hon. William Windham; and grandson of the Very Rev. George William Lukyn, Dean of Wells.

Mr. Windham came into possession of the Felbrigg estates at the death of his father, in 1833, and in 1842 served as High Sheriff of Norfolk. He was born 30th March, 1802; and married in July, 1835, Lady Sophia Hervey, daughter of the Marquis of Bristol, by whom he leaves a son and heir, William Frederick, born 9th August, 1840.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE GUSTAVUS DU PLAT, K.H.

THE death of Brigadier-General Du Plat, her Majesty's Military Commissioner at the Headquarters of the Austrian Army, took place at Vienna, on the 21st ult., from dropsy. The Brigadier entered the Royal Engineers in 1814.

MRS. LEE.

THIS lady, who died on the 1st instant, in Bryanston-street, Portman-square, was Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Major Lee, of Bolney Court, Oxfordshire, and widow of his Excellency Henry Hamilton, fourth son of the Hon. Henry Hamilton, by Mary, daughter of Joshua Dawson, Esq., of Castle Dawson, county Derry; and grandson of Gustavus, 1st Viscount Boyle. His Excellency Henry Hamilton was Governor of Canada, the Bermudas, and lastly Commander-in-Chief of the British West India Islands and Governor of Dominica. Mrs. Lee was descended from the family of Cunningham, of Kilmaurs, Scotland, settled there in the twelfth century, and was nearly allied to the 15th and last Earl of Glencairn—who was the friend and patron of Robert Burns, and the subject of one of his most touching poems; and at whose death, in 1796, the title of Glencairn became extinct.

WILLS AND PERSONAL ESTATES.—Mr. Joseph Hudson, of Oxford-street, tobacco and snuff manufacturer, died possessed of personality amounting to £100,000. Mr. Francis Thorpe, flax-spinner and thread-manufacturer, Lanark House, Peckham, £70,000. Mr. Alexander Ross Sadder, of Southwark and Lower Edmonton, mustard-mill proprietor, £45,000. Mr. W. Brockedon, Devonshire-street, Queen-square, £30,000. Dr. J. N. Merriman, £25,000. The Rev. Henry Harvey, Vicar of Olverton and Canon of Bristol, £16,000. Miss Agnes Locke, whose will was proved under £12,000, has bequeathed to the Gloucester Infirmary £100; Gloucester Magdalen Institution, £80; British and Foreign Bible Society, £200; and the Society for Additional Curates, £100.

RELIC FROM BOMARSUND.—During last week Captain B. Hall, who, with his little *Bulldog*, has so signalled himself in the Baltic during the summer, has returned to his old residence at Weymouth, and has made a present of the white flag of truce held out by the Russians at the capitulation of Bomarsund to All Souls Masonic Lodge.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.—A serious accident took place on Wednesday night on the Great Northern Railway, at a short distance beyond the Leeds central station, to the train which leaves that town at 6.25 p.m., and arrives at Doncaster at 8.10 p.m. The train was passing over a crossing on one of the viaducts, when the first carriage behind the engine struck against the points, and was immediately detached from the train by the breaking of the coupling-irons, and thrown over the viaduct, forty feet high. In the carriage, which was composed of first and second-class compartments, was the Recorder of Doncaster, Mr. R. Hall, who was travelling to that town to preside at the sessions on the following morning. His right leg and shoulder were fractured, and he was very much bruised by the fall of the carriage, which was smashed to pieces. There were two or three other persons in the carriage, who were also much injured. An order was forwarded to Doncaster to adjourn the sessions for one month.

LOSS OF THE GOVERNMENT STAFF OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.—Some months since Government dispatched Mr. Nicklin, photographic artist, with two Sappers and Miners as assistants, with a valuable set of apparatus, for the purpose of taking views of the fortifications about Sebastopol. We regret to learn that the whole perished with the *Rip van Winkle*, which foundered in the late hurricane off Balacava.

THE AFFAIR AT PETROPAULOVSKI.

The following despatch, relating to the affair at Petropaulovski, has been published at the Admiralty:—

President, at San Francisco, Nov. 15, 1854. Sir,—As a sequel to Captain Sir Frederick Nicolson's letter of the 19th September last, addressed to me, the duplicate of which was forwarded hence on the 16th ult., I beg to transmit lists of the names of the seamen and marines belonging to her Majesty's ships who were killed at Petropaulovski, or who have since died of their wounds.—I am, Sir, (Signed) CHARLES FREDERICK, Commodore.

Ralph Osborne, Esq., M.P., Admiralty.

Return of Officers, Seamen, and Marines belonging to H.M.S. *President* who were killed, or have died since from wounds received in the attack on Petropaulovski.

Officers: Captain Charles A. Parker, Royal Marines. *Seamen*: James Ariell, James Callaghan, David Stedman, A.B.'s; John Leask, Richard Tassell, George Durrant, ordinaries. *Marines*: Richard Turrell, John Saines, Francis Russell, George Henderson, Robert Woodards, privates. (Signed) RICHARD BURKIDGE, Captain.

List of Men late belonging to H.M.S. *Pique* who were killed, and who have since died of wounds received, in the operations against the batteries and towns of Petropaulovski, Kamshatka, on the 4th September, 1854.

Joseph Batt, master at arms; W. H. Garland, 2nd C. Ord.; Daniel Davey, A.B., died on board from wounds on 13th September; James Alfred, captain fore-top; Charles Browne, alias C. Browne McDermot, leading seaman, died on board from wounds on Oct. 15; Noah Yates, sailmaker's crew, ditto on Sept. 7; Thomas Morrison (1), Ord.; James Hatch, A.B.; James Thirlwell, A.B.; Joseph Down, ordinary; James Marks, boy first class; Royal Marines: Lauman Race and John Carter, sergeants; Joseph Jackson, private; Henry Joffries, private, died on board from wounds on Sept. 6th; Thomas Hewson, private; William Carne, private, died from wounds on Oct. 15th.

List of Persons belonging to H.M.S. *Virago* killed during operations, and since died from their wounds.

Killed at Petropaulovski, Sept. 4, 1854.—George Tee, stoker; Henry Fowler, gunner, R.M.A., third class; Thomas Martyn, private, R.M., third class; George Julier, gunner, R.M.A., died on Sept. 14th; Samuel Sergeant, third-class stoker, died Oct. 14th.

THE REPRESENTATION OF SUNDERLAND.—The nomination of candidates for the vacancy in the representation of Sunderland, caused by the appointment of Mr. W. D. Seymour to the office of Recorder of Newcastle-on-Tyne, took place on Monday in front of the Commission-rooms. Mr. Seymour and Mr. Fenwick were the two candidates. The show of hands was in favour of the former; but the polling, which took place on Tuesday, placed Mr. Fenwick at the head of the poll. The result was as follows:—Fenwick, 956; Seymour, 646.

BRANDY AND BITTERS.—A bill was lately handed to the authorities of San Francisco for payment for refreshments furnished to the grand jury of that city, while pursuing their investigations, which contained the following items:—"One dozen cherry wine, 3500 cigars, one dozen Martell's brandy, four gallons ditto, five baskets Heidseick, one bottle of bitters, two tins of crackers, and 123 dollars' worth of cherry wine." This would give to each of the twenty-three jurors, two-and-a-half bottles of cherry, 150 cigars, two-and-a-half bottles of champagne, and one-and-a-half quart of brandy. In reply to some inquiries of the supervisors, the chairman of the jury replied, their deliberations were so intense that they required some artificial stimulants.

GAMBLING IN SALFORD.—The police of Salford have discovered an extensive system of gambling carried on in that borough by means of lotteries. It was stated that weekly lotteries were drawn at the Dyers' Arms public-house, kept by John Penny, in which as many as 10,000 shilling tickets were sometimes sold amongst the working classes, whilst the prizes yielded varied from 10*s.* to £40. The conductors of the lottery have been committed for trial for conspiracy to contravene the Acts of Parliament in force against lotteries.

A NEW SUGAR PLANT.—The scarcity of corn in France has drawn attention to a new plant, recently introduced from China, which promises to supersede to a certain extent the use of beetroot in the manufacture of sugar and the distillation of alcohol. The Agricultural Committee of Toulon has recently addressed a report to the Minister of War, with respect to the uses of the plant in question. It is called the *sorgho*, or *holcus saccharatus*, and was first introduced into France in 1851 by M. de Montigny, the French Consul in China, who sent some grains of the seed to the Government. Since then the culture of the plant has been commenced with success in Provence, and promises to be of great advantage to Algeria. The *sorgho* has been called the "sugar-cane of the north of China," and numerous experiments have recently been tried with a view to ascertaining if it possesses the properties necessary for producing a crystallisable syrup, so as to become a rival to sugar-cane and beetroot. According to the report of the Toulon Agricultural Association, it would appear to have those properties. The fact has been ascertained by a series of experiments made in the department of the Var. It also appears to be richer in the saccharine principle than any known plant, except the vine. Beetroot contains from eight to ten per cent of sugar; the *sorgho* produces from sixteen to twenty per cent, from which eight or ten per cent of pure alcohol, fit for all industrial and domestic purposes, can be produced. The refuse is excellent food for cattle, who are very fond of it. The plant grows with great rapidity, and does not require irrigation. The *sorgho* is not a new discovery, as it has been used from time immemorial by the inhabitants of the north of China, by whom large quantities of sugar are extracted from it. But this is the first time it has been introduced on anything like an extensive scale in Europe.

NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS IN FRANCE.

THE season for balls and festivities—for the reunion of long-parted friends—for the giving of presents and the interchange of compliments, has again arrived. The old legendary salute of "A happy New Year and many returns of the day!" again flies from lip to lip; but, kind hypocrites that we are! we all of us feel in our hearts how vain is the fond wish with which we beguile ourselves and our neighbours. We cannot ring the joy-bells to welcome Fifty-five, for Death has caught a hold of the ropes, and tolls a dirge.

The residents in Paris have at last begun to deplore the abuse of gift-making in the present day. We referred in our Christmas Supplement of last year to the nuisance which this once cheerful duty has by degrees become in that country. Of all the taxes in the year none are so exorbitant as those which are levied by servants, friends, acquaintances, and relatives, on this one day. The tax-payer knows exactly how much is expected of him by the Government, and arranges his affairs accordingly. But not so the donor of these compulsory gifts. Friends have, of course, too much delicacy to draw up a printed formula of what they think they ought to get on New Year's-day; they leave it to one's "sense of honour," as amiable cabmen do. So that, what with the fear of appearing parsimonious towards dependents and relations, to say nothing of the "quiet hints" of young ladies and the undisguised cravings of little children, he who happens to have a wide circle of acquaintances finds himself in a somewhat awkward predicament. Our readers will not be surprised to learn that many Parisians, and many, if not all, foreigners resident in Paris, make a point of absenting themselves from home on "important business" about the close of the year; just at the very time, above all others, when their fond friends were expecting to see their dear old faces at the door.

Far be it from us, however, to deny that there are cases in which the giving of presents is not only pleasing to the receiver but gratifying to the donor. The scenes illustrated in the accompanying Engravings are proofs that the old original feeling which prompted the donation of presents to those we love or esteem is not utterly extinguished in France. Gifts, in the true sense of the word, are outward expressions of the inner sentiments of the soul. To value a gift merely by its money-worth betrays a mean and mercenary nature. The book or trinket does not lie on your table or adorn your person as the representative of so much coin, but the tangible representative of so much intangible spiritual affinity which exists for you in your neighbour's heart. Regarded in this light, gifts become something holy, and the season for their distribution becomes a social festival from which no well-minded person would desire to shrink. But the abuse of the custom is another matter, and it is an abuse which in France has gone to such an extreme as to render it probable that a remedy will soon be provided. In reference to this subject, we borrow the following sensible observations from a recent letter from the French capital:—

Though France has made many revolutions under the pretext of abolishing old abuses, there is one which all murmur at, against which all protest, but which all, except some few of the most daring, slavishly submit to; and it is doubtful whether it will ever be extirpated. The most courageous only avoid it by flight, with the excuse of a journey of the utmost urgency; and, while they pretend to leave for the most distant part of France, conceal themselves in some obscure town or village of the environs, and submit to the discomfort of exile, in order to shun, as if it were a pestilence, the obligation of New-year's Gifts. Each returning season brings still nearer the prospect of ruin. The march of intellect and enlightenment, instead of abolishing the tyrannical custom which forces people to throw away in one hour the savings, if not the income, of months, has increased the burden more than a hundredfold. The maker and vender of New-year's Gifts have, indeed, advanced with his age. Except in the lowest booths, and scarcely even there, you seek in vain the modest dolls, the small puppets, the miniature horses of wood, the lines of fierce soldiers in lead of other days. Objects of far greater value, playthings unknown to the past generation, articles of complicated mechanism and of fabulous prices have replaced them.

A simple paper of *bonbons* was formerly graciously and gratefully accepted, not for the envelope, but for the sweets it contained. Now the *bonbons* are



NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS IN PARIS.

only valued for the ebony, or the *palissandre* covering, carved or gilt, which encloses them. The principal gift is of little value; it is the accessory which is esteemed; the worth of the former may be 3f. or 4f., that of the latter will cost 200f. Then consider, if you have an extensive acquaintance, blessed with a numerous rising family! And the *etrennes de rigueur* to your porter, to your servants, to the servants of all your acquaintances, to the letter and newspaper

carriers, and to the whole tribe of tradesmen's servants and messengers who prey on you on that fatal day! It is terrible to contemplate! A man with such a prospect before him, and who has not the courage to defy the worst, ought not to approach the Seine at such a moment, as there is no knowing what despair may drive him to do.

The abuse, however, must bring its own remedy. The fearful exaggeration

for some time past in the cost of articles for New-Year's Gifts will not fail to produce some day a terrible reaction. The tyranny of the custom must fall like all other tyrannies, when they become no longer tolerable even to the most enduring. Toys of 1200f. or 2000f., or even more, must, sooner or later disappear from the places where they are now exhibited so temptingly, for no means will suffice to purchase them.



NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS IN PARIS.



W. THOMAS Sc.

THE ROMAN WINE-CARRIER.

DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMAS.

SONG OF THE ROMAN WINE-CARRIER.

DRINK, brothers, drink! But O, let not the grape
Be poured to the hearths of home,
Though freemen we stand on our native land
Mid the vine-clad hills of Rome.
Not at morn on the breezy mountain top,
But at noon in the sultry dell,
Or pausing at night 'neath the dying light,
Let us drink of the Roman well!

O little they heed in their banquet-halls—
They for whom the red grape hath flowed,
As they crowd round the board where the wine is
poured—
Of the peasant who bears the load.
No matter! God's rivers are freer than wine
And man he knoweth right well,
The hand that filleth the Roman vine
Filleth also the Roman well.

Drink deep, O my comrades! There's health in the
cup,
And strength our burdens to bear;
Far better than wine is the draught divine
That springeth up everywhere.
While it flows by our altars and hearths,
Say, what shall its sweetness dispel?
Only bitterness wrought by a slavish thought
Can poison the Roman well.

Let us think, as we rest from our toil,
Where the fount gushes stainless and free,
How the water was blest by a holier guest
In Cana of Galilee;
And yon sun that crimsones our southern sky
To our souls of that feast shall tell
As God's pure stream grows red in his beam
On the brink of the Roman well!

MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Jan. 7.—1st Sunday after Epiphany. Fenelon died, 1715.
 MONDAY, 8.—Plough Monday. Fire Insurance due.
 TUESDAY, 9.—St. Lucien. Cape of Good Hope taken, 1800.
 WEDNESDAY, 10.—James Watt born, 1736. Royal Exchange burnt, 1838.
 THURSDAY, 11.—Hilary Term begins.
 FRIDAY, 12.—Outbreak at Sheffield, 1840.
 SATURDAY, 13.—St. Hilary. Old New-Year's-day. C. J. Fox born, 1749.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE,
FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 13.

| Sunday. | Monday. | Tuesday. | Wednesday. | Thursday. | Friday. | Saturday. |
|---------|---------|----------|------------|-----------|---------|-----------|
| h m | h m | h m | h m | h m | h m | h m |
| 4 31 | 4 47 | 5 4 | 5 20 | 5 38 | 5 57 | 6 17 |
| 6 36 | 6 56 | 7 17 | 7 42 | 8 12 | 8 43 | 9 17 |

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

THE private sentiments of the Queen do not often come before the public—but on all questions and on all subjects they are known to be such as to entitle her to the respect and love of her people. On the 6th of November last her Majesty addressed a letter to Mr. Sidney Herbert, which was first made public in the *Crimea*, and which we are certain will excite at home an admiration and a sympathy worthy of a great Sovereign to receive, and of a great nation to bestow. The letter, or an extract from it, was transmitted by Mr. Sidney Herbert to Miss Nightingale, whom it especially interested; and, if any breach of etiquette has been committed in its publication, it may well be forgiven, when the result is to show the Sovereign in a light so amiable, so patriotic, and so Christianlike. Its effects will be incalculable in cheering the spirits of our wounded soldiers, and in infusing, if that be possible, new life, energy, and courage among the unwounded. The following is the extract alluded to, which was first published in the *Morning Post*, in a letter from a Crimean correspondent of that journal:—

"WINDSOR CASTLE, Dec. 6, 1854.

"Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or 'Mrs. Bracebridge, as I hear no details of the wounded, tho' I see so many from officers, &c., about the battle-field;—and naturally the former must interest me more than any one.

"Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor noble wounded and sick men that 'no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince.

"Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.
 (Signed) "VICTORIA."

THERE has been a long lull before Sebastopol. Their signal defeat at Inkerman disposed the Russians to keep quiet; and the discouraging state of the weather from the 11th or 12th of November to the end of the year was sufficient of itself, independently of other causes, to reduce the military operations of besiegers and of besieged to a minimum. During this gloomy interval—only cheered in the British and French armies by the remembrance of the mutual glory which they had so recently achieved—the sufferings of our gallant soldiers have been neither few nor small. It is easy for brave men to confront the dangers of the battle, but it is not so easy to confront or endure the miseries of rain and mud, of cold and of starvation. But that melancholy period has passed away. The weather has brightened, and brought not only comfort to the minds but to the bodies of the troops. The roads have been rendered hard by frost; supplies and reinforcements have been received, and hailed with acclamation, both in Sebastopol and Balaklava. We may expect, therefore, to hear at no distant day of new and great battles in the Crimea. We neither know nor can compute the strength of the Russians; but we know that the French and British armies (without counting the Turks who have landed in the vicinity of Eupatoria to the number of 20,000 men) may be calculated to include an effective force, notwithstanding all their losses from sickness and on the battle-field, of upwards of 100,000 men. But are these numbers sufficient for the task in hand? We believe not. High military authorities are of opinion that they are scarcely half enough to act with such vigour upon the offensive, as to secure the speedy capture of Sebastopol. Great Britain and France, and all Europe, miscalculated the power of Russia, and the strength of her Crimean fortress. The mistake was not peculiar to Ministers, to Diplomats, or to Generals. It pervaded all ranks; and the truth was, perhaps, known to none but to the Czar himself, and a few of his immediate functionaries. But the error is at length seen and confessed; and we hope and trust that it is not too late to remedy it. Neither France nor Great Britain has yet put forward a tithe of its strength; and the Turks, under Omer Pacha—if they cannot be useful in the attack or investment of Sebastopol—can and will render essential service, by keeping the Russians in check at Eupatoria and Bagtcheseraï. Inkerman showed of what metal the British and French armies are composed; and the sufferings in the British Camp that followed that day of dearly-bought but imperishable glory, though they have exasperated the troops, have only made them the more eager to measure bayonets with the foe. There can be no doubt that their temper has been sorely tried; but if the effect of their irritation is such as to render them more formidable than ever, to any number of enemies that may think proper to attack them, the cause may be deplored by every true heart in Britain, but the Russians, at least, will have no reason to rejoice at the result. A thousand British soldiers shivering knee-deep in the trenches, or slumbering in slush and mud, would think it a high privilege and favour to

have a tussle with six or seven times the number of Muscovites. Every letter from the Crimea in which private soldiers relate the history of their hardships—and these brave men do not whine, as the comfortable critics of the war whine for them in London—manifests a spirit of pugnacity, and of impatience at the compulsory inaction to which the weather has reduced them, that augurs ill for the success of the Russians in the next battle that either party may provoke. The town of Sebastopol lies white and fresh, and apparently unharmed, before the gaze of our soldiers; and we know, on their own evidence, that there is not a man among them who would not much rather storm it, than look at it. All the most recent accounts tend to confirm the belief that the wished-for opportunity will not much longer be denied them, unless, as a preliminary operation, Lord Raglan and General Canrobert shall feel themselves strong enough to detach a portion of their forces, to deliver battle with General Liprandi. Such a movement is by no means improbable. Numerous as the Russians may be, they will speedily have more than enough on their hands to confront successfully the dangers that are concentrating around them. On every side they will discover a foe—either French, English, Turkish, or Austrian. In less than a fortnight they will, in all probability, have the whole power of the Austrian Empire arrayed against them; and Austria, besides rendering it necessary for the Czar to defend a long line of frontier against the hostility of 150,000 fresh and highly-disciplined troops, has at least 100,000 men to spare, if need be, to support the Allied armies in the Crimea. The mischievous outcry raised against the good faith of Austria by English newspapers, in the interest of the Red Republicans and ultra-Revolutionists of the Continent, has gradually been dying away, and few, if any, are left to share the opinion of M. Kossuth, that Austria will play false to her allies. On the contrary, public confidence—which, there can be no doubt, was somewhat shaken—has been restored; and a few days will prove, beyond even the power of cavillers and Red Republicans to deny, that Austria is heart and hand with France and England, and will aid them with all her armies, and with all her resources, both in Bessarabia and in the Crimea.

The ancient nations considered it treason to despair of the fortunes of the Commonwealth. We have in England a few traitors of this kind—craven hearts—who, by their cowardice, and by the loud utterance which they give to it, do much to harden the heart of the modern Pharaoh, and to protract a war which depends on his obstinacy alone. But the nation itself knows no despair. It treats the cravens with contempt, and will win the desperate fight, at whatever cost. Though we should be beaten at Sebastopol; though the Czar's orders to Menschikoff should be literally carried out; though our last man in the Crimea should be bayoneted on the field by a savage Muscovite, or driven into the sea, the nation would not, and could not, renounce the struggle. We should send round the fiery cross rather than succumb. Our old men as well as our young ones—nay, our very women—would lend a hand, and do men's work at home—so that every male in the kingdom fit to bear arms should be made available, rather than that England and France should be foiled in the encounter which they have undertaken. Great Britain and France cannot despair. If they could, they would be alike bankrupt in fortune and honour; they would descend in the rank of nations, becoming second or third-rate States—breathing at the mercy of Czar Nicholas—crawling under his huge legs, and relapsing, as a necessary consequence of their dependence, into the semi-barbarism of Egypt or Assyria, or any other Power that once flourished and fell. But this will not be. The croakers croak in vain, and will gabble at no remote day of the glories which they did not aid, and of the victory which they discouraged. But whether they gabble or croak, the work will go on; and this mighty nation, true to itself, will vindicate its position, and crown its enterprise with that great crown of success, which fools and wise men alike acknowledge.

THE ungenerous outcry against the employment of foreign troops in the British army has produced a very bad effect on the Continent. Though the Ministers have got their bill, it is uncertain whether they will get their men. Germans and Swiss, who have been designated as "cut-throats" and "assassins"—to say nothing of the milder epithets of "hirelings" and "mercenaries"—do not feel much disposed to offer their services to a country in which they are led to believe that this is the prevalent opinion regarding them. This is unfortunate; and the more so as the accusation brought against such men is as untimely as it is unjust. Is there a living Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman who would dare to say that the gallant Sir De Lacy Evans was, when he commanded the British Legion in Spain, a cut-throat, or a leader of cut-throats?—an assassin—or a chief of assassins—or even a mercenary and a hireling? We believe there is not one; or, if there be one, that he would not like to trust himself before an audience of his countrymen to say so, lest he and the tar-bucket, or the parish pump, should be brought into unpleasant companionship. We are of the number of those who thought it a mistaken policy to raise a foreign corps before we had tried the preliminary expedient of throwing open the British service to the ambition of the brave and aspiring youth of our own country; but we never joined in abusing foreign troops merely because they were foreigners. Now that the bill has passed, and that the Ministers have reaped whatever odium was attached to its introduction, we may express regret that such odium should be incurred in vain. But, failing Germany, Switzerland, and Sardinia—from which good soldiers might have been procured—have we no reserves of our own on which we might draw in case of emergency? A suggestion has been made that a portion of the Irish Constabulary Force—soldiers—and first-rate soldiers, too, in everything but the name—might, with proper encouragement, be made available for the Crimea. The suggestion appears to be reasonable. The force in question is in the highest state of discipline and efficiency, and is composed of picked men. If the nation opened up to them the higher honours of the British Army as the rewards of their valour, it is probable that one-third or one-half of them would gladly volunteer for service in the Crimea. Ireland, very fortunately, stands in no need of their presence. Disloyalty and disaffection are defunct in that country. There is no longer

any fear of rebellion. The race of agitators is extinct; and the warm-hearted people, so far from being inimical to the war, are its enthusiastic supporters, and have sent to the Crimea some of the bravest of the brave in our armies. By a fortunate combination of circumstances, for a country situated as Ireland, even Religion itself, for so long a period the source of bitterness and dissension, takes part against Russia in the struggle. The Roman Catholic priests look upon the Czar not only as the disturber of the world's peace, but as Antichrist; and it is difficult to say under which character they dislike him most. But, though the consent of the Irish constabulary might, without much difficulty, be obtained, the consent of Parliament is requisite, and Parliament is not sitting. At a time like this, when a day's delay might prove of injury to the effective prosecution of the war, it seems unwise to have adjourned Parliament for a whole month. The Legislature ought at this moment to be in full Session; for, if the trained and experienced troops which were expected to be raised in foreign States were as absolutely essential to the carrying out of Lord Raglan's plans as the Ministry led the nation to suppose, some new resource ought to be immediately discovered, on the failure of the old one. As far as the public knows, nothing has been yet gained by the Foreign Enlistment Act; and for nearly a month nothing can be done to remedy the failure. Our hope is, that the matter was not of such consequence as it was represented. If it were, it is difficult to say who is most to blame—the Ministry which proposed, or the Opposition which discredited and vilified, a Foreign Legion.

THE COURT.

The Queen and the Prince-Consort have commenced the New Year by dispensing their annual bounty to an increased number of the poorer residents in the Royal borough of Windsor and its vicinity. On New-Year's-day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the band of the Royal Horse Guards assembled on the East Terrace, and played a selection of favourite airs. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent came from Frogmore at nine o'clock, and breakfasted with her Majesty and the Prince. At ten o'clock her Majesty's annual gifts were distributed to about 600 poor persons resident in the parishes of Windsor and Clewer. The interesting ceremony was witnessed by her Majesty and his Royal Highness, who, accompanied by the Royal children, left the Castle, and proceeded to the gallery of the Riding-school, within which the distribution took place, under the superintendence of the clergy of the joint parishes, and the district visitors of the poor. The gifts consisted of joints of meat, coals (proportioned to the various families), and clothing, divided among the members of the Clothing Club, established under the patronage of her Majesty—all members receiving according to their contributions, with the addition made by the Queen's bounty. In the evening the Queen gave a dinner-party. After the banquet a performance of choral music took place in St. George's Hall. The solo vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss.

Lord Byron and General Sir Edward Bowater have succeeded Lord Camoys and the Hon. Mortimer Sackville West as the Lord and Groom in Waiting.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge continues, by the latest authentic accounts from Constantinople, in imperfect health; and it is not considered probable by those persons best able to form an opinion that his Royal Highness will return to the Crimea.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince Augustus and Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, accompanied by their youthful family, arrived at Dover on Saturday evening from Ostend. Their Royal Highnesses, on landing, proceeded direct to Birmingham's Royal Ship Hotel, where they passed the night. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, with their family and suite, left Dover en route for Claremont, on a visit to the ex-Royal Family of France.

The Duke of Somerset, we are glad to learn, is going on favourably. His Grace has gained some strength during the last few days.

The Marchioness Dowager of Londonderry is passing the recess at Wynyard-park, surrounded by a family circle. The interesting ceremony of opening the Londonderry Literary Institute was celebrated at Seaham Harbour on Wednesday. Sir Archibald Alison delivered the inaugural lecture.

The health of the Earl of Westmoreland, which for some days antecedent had occasioned much anxiety, is described by letters from Vienna, dated the 27th ultimo, as having undergone a favourable change.

The Earl of Aberdeen left Argyll-house on Wednesday afternoon, for Windsor Castle, on a visit to her Majesty. His Lordship returned to town on Thursday morning.

The Earl of Lichfield is, we are glad to learn, recovering from his recent severe indisposition.

The Earl of Derby's new residence in St. James's-square (the late Earl of Dartmouth's) is nearly ready for the reception of the family.

Viscount and Viscountess Combermere are entertaining a large family party at Combermere Abbey. On Saturday last the annual donations of blankets, clothing, and beef were distributed, by order of the noble Viscount and her Ladyship, to the numerous cottage tenantry in the townships of Newhall, Audlem, Wrenbury, Burlydam, Wilkesly, and Dodecot.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

PREFEMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.—*Rectories*: The Rev. P. S. Newell to Wheatthill, Somerset; Rev. F. Trevor to Upwell, near Axbridge; Rev. E. A. Cooper to Ludford Parva, with the Vicarage of Ludford Magna, Lincolnshire; Rev. W. S. Henning to Rayne, Essex; Rev. H. Alexander to Stoke Rivers; Rev. Wm. Gee to St. Martin, Exeter. *Vicarages*: The Rev. R. H. Fortescue to Stockley Pomeroy, near Crediton; Rev. M. Atkinson to Harwood, near Leeds. *Incumbency*: The Rev. A. Swinbourne to the Mariners' Church, Hull. The Rev. G. H. Heslop, M.A., has been appointed to the head mastership of St. Bee's Grammar-school.

The Rev. Alfred J. Deck, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been appointed to a Mathematical Professorship in the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

MISS STEWART, sister of Sir Michael R. Shaw Stewart, Bart., has given £10,000 to endow an Episcopal Chapel in Port-Glasgow, securing £200 a year to a Rector, and £100 to a Curate.

ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE.—Mrs. Mary Anne Evans, the widow of the Rev. D. Evans, formerly Rector of Simonsbury, in the county of Northumberland, has invested the sum of £542 in the Three per Cent Consols, to found a Scholarship in St. David's College, under the denomination of the "Simonsbury Scholarship." It will be open for competition to students training for holy orders who shall be natives of any of the fifteen counties of Wales, including Monmouthshire; but, *ceteris paribus*, it is provided that a native of Carmarthenshire shall have the preference.

ST. MARY-LE-STRAND CHURCH.—This beautiful edifice has been repaired, adorned, and warmed by the best process, and its free accommodation augmented, under the auspices of Rev. J. F. Denham, Rector; and Messrs. Stewart and Saunders, Churchwardens. By the removal of an unsightly range of middle pews, the altar has been thrown open to the view of the whole congregation, and the well-known elegance of the interior completely restored. We congratulate the parish and its authorities on the unanimous zeal with which, we understand, these judicious arrangements have been conducted. The fabric now affords its original illustration of the classical taste of its architect, and is in all respects worthy of its pre-eminent position in the great thoroughfare of the metropolis.

BUST OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—Mr. Patrie Park has had the honour to submit to her Majesty the Queen, and his Royal Highness the Prince, the bust of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French, which he has executed for his Grace the Duke of Hamilton. This fine bust is engraved in No. 698 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

REOPENING OF PANYER-ALLEY.—This thoroughfare, leading from Paternoster-row to Newgate-street, which has been entirely closed for a period of about six months, in consequence of the pulling down of the premises at its Newgate-street end, has been reopened to the public. The ancient stone, with the inscription denoting it to be the highest ground in the City, and about which much solicitude has been expressed, is now again open to public view. The stone also marks the boundary between the parishes of St. Vedast Foster and St. Michael-le-Quern—the church of which last-named parish formerly occupied the now open space at the west end of Cheapside.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS
TAKEN DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, JAN. 4.

| Month and Day. | Corrected Reading of Barometer at 9 A.M. | Thermometer. | | Mean Temperature of the Day. | Departure of Temperature from Average. | Degree of Humidity. | Direction of Wind. | Rain in Inches. |
|----------------|------------------------------------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------------------|----------------------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| | | Highest Reading. | Lowest Reading. | | | | | |
| Dec. 29 | 30.462 | 40.5 | 27.5 | 34.8 | - 2.4 | 91 | W.S.W. | 0.00 |
| " 30 | 30.340 | 46.4 | 33.2 | 41.2 | + 4.2 | 94 | W.S.W. | 0.01 |
| " 31 | 30.330 | 47.5 | 35.0 | 41.2 | + 4.5 | 93 | W. | 0.00 |
| Jan. 1 | 29.924 | 51.8 | 42.3 | 47.7 | + 11.2 | 81 | N.W. | 0.01 |
| " 2 | 30.035 | 49.8 | 45.8 | 47.7 | + 11.4 | 95 | N.N.W. | 0.04 |
| " 3 | 30.142 | 50.7 | 45.7 | 48.0 | + 12.0 | 86 | N.W. | 0.00 |
| " 4 | 30.219 | 46.2 | 42.0 | 44.1 | + 8.4 | 86 | S.W. | 0.00 |

Note.—The sign — denotes below the average and the sign + above the average. The numbers in the seventh column are calculated upon the supposition that the saturation of the air is represented by 100.

The reading of the barometer decreased from 30.46 inches at the beginning of the week to 29.91 inches by January 1st; increased to 30.22 inches by the 4th, and decreased to 30.18 inches by the end of the week. The mean for the week, at the height of eighty-two feet above the level of the sea, was 30.197 inches.

The mean temperature of the week was 43.5°, being 7° above the average of thirty-eight years.

The range of temperature during the week was 24.3°, being the difference between the lowest on December 29th and the highest on January 1st.

The mean daily range of temperature during the week was 8.8°. The greatest was 13.2° on December 30, and the least was 4° on January 2.

Rain fell during the week to the depth of six-hundredths of an inch.

The weather during the week has been distinguished by a high temperature both by day and night, and a cloudy sky. On January 1 there was a heavy gale from the S.W.

Lewisham, 1855, January 5.

JAMES GLAISHER.

HEALTH OF LONDON.—The number of births within the week ending December 30th, registered within the metropolitan districts, was 1649; of these 825 were boys, and 824 were girls. The averages for the same week for the preceding nine years were 655 and 643 respectively. The number of deaths within the same period was 1539; of these 805 were males, and 730 females. The number of deaths exceeded the average number as found from the preceding ten years, corrected for increase of population, by 229. The health of London does not seem to improve; it is nearly in the same state as it has been during the preceding three weeks. The average number of deaths lately has been about 1200 weekly; the excess this week is mainly owing to coroners' cases, which have been accumulating till the end of the quarter, and these deaths for the most part were caused by violence, privation, and intemperance. Two deaths were referred to cholera in the week. During the fifty-two weeks of the year 1854 the total number of deaths in London amounted to 73,708, showing the rate of mortality 29 in 1000 persons. The average rate of mortality in London in one year is 25 out of 1000 persons; so that the presence of the epidemic of cholera has raised the mortality one-fifth part above the average.

BROMPTON HOSPITAL.—His Grace the Duke of Richmond, K.G., has intimated his consent to preside over the coming anniversary festival of the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton; on which occasion a numerous gathering of noble and benevolent individuals is expected, inasmuch as the indoor accommodation of the hospital is about to be extended from 80 to 250 beds, and the good offices of the charitable will be needed to expedite so desirable an object.

CHARING-CROSS HOSPITAL.—At a quarterly meeting of the committee of the institution on Tuesday—Charles Few, Esq., in the chair—it was reported that during the past year there had been relieved by the hospital—of in-patients, 1133; out-patients, 14,875; total, 16,008. In the above were included 3288 cases of accident and dangerous emergency, of which 345 were so severe as to require to be immediately admitted as in-patients. The deep regret of the governors for the loss which the hospital has sustained by the death of the late Dr. R. Rowland, an efficient officer of the Hospital, and a very kind and able physician, was directed to be recorded in the minutes.

PRESERVATION OF LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK.—On Thursday a general meeting of the Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat (late Shipwreck) Institution was held at the society's offices, Mr. T. Chapman, F.R.S., in the chair. The silver medal of the institution was voted to Lieut. Joachim, R.N., and £13 6s. to nineteen others who had gone off with him in the *Pakefield* life-boat, to the rescue of the crew of a Norwegian brig which during a gale of wind had been driven on the Holme Sand. A reward of £2 was also voted to two men who in their yawl had succeeded in rescuing the crew of the sloop *Requet*, of Cardiff, which foundered near that place on the 21st ult. A reward of £18 was also granted to the crews of the life-boats of the institution stationed at Barmouth and Portmadoc, in testimony of their laudable services to the crew, consisting of thirty-seven men, of the ship *Pride of the Sea*, which, as was reported at the time in our paper, took fire on the 9th ult., in Cardigan Bay. Both boats are on Mr. Peake's design, and that at Portmadoc has lately been given to the Institution by the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society.

DRAINAGE OF LONDON.—At the meeting of the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers, on Tuesday, Sir John V. Shelley gave notice of a motion to the effect that for the complete drainage of the metropolis two main sewers must be formed, one on the north and the other on the south side of the Thames, thus preventing the pollution of the river. That, in order to carry out this object, an outfall on each side of the river be made, sufficiently near the mouth of the Thames to prevent the drainage, when once discharged, being brought back by the tide into the heart of the metropolis. That, as the law at present did not enable the Commissioners to effectuate such a scheme, inasmuch as they had no power to take land for the purpose of outfall works, and as the sanction of Parliament for the raising of £300,000 to be spent on the main drainage of the metropolis was obtained during last season, with the distinct understanding that the whole sum should be expended on the outfalls exclusively, in any bill to be introduced into Parliament for the better legislation of the metropolis, provision should be given to the Commissioners to take land for the purpose of works upon which, as outfalls, the ultimate successful carrying out of vast drainage operations must mainly depend.

TRIAL OF EMANUEL BARTHELEMY.—The trial of Emanuel Barthelemy (for the murder of Mr. George Moore and Mr. Collard, in Warren-street, Fitzroy-square) took place at the Central Criminal Court on Thursday. The Jury, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of Guilty, accompanied by a strong recommendation for the mercy of the Court and of her Majesty the Queen. Lord Campbell, in passing sentence of death upon the prisoner, said he entirely concurred in the verdict, and considered the prisoner's crime to have been one of great atrocity, without a single mitigatory circumstance. The prisoner heard sentence of death passed without exhibiting the slightest emotion.

RAILWAY TESTIMONIAL.—A very gratifying mark of respect for long service and just appreciation of private worth has just been conferred upon Mr. Richard Peacock, a retiring officer of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company. Mr. Peacock had long filled the office of Locomotive Superintendent in the above Company, and this public recognition of his merit was given at the close of a connection of fourteen years. With the exception of the contributions of a few friends of Mr. Peacock, who were anxious to participate in this substantial expression of regard, the entire amount of the subscription for the testimonial was raised amongst those in the employment of the Company; and above one-third of it was given by the men employed at the locomotive works at Gorton. The gift consists of a handsome silver candelabrum, with a candelstand, and other articles of plate, of the value of £400. The candelabrum consists of a fluted column, with six branches for lights, and a basin for fruit or flowers; and around the column are seated three figures, emblematical of Industry, Perseverance, and Science. On one of the panels of a hexagonal base is the following inscription:—

Presented, with other plate, to RICHARD PEACOCK, Esq., on his retirement from the service of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, by the officers and servants of the Company, and other friends, in token of their high appreciation of the eminent professional talent and private worth manifested by him during the fourteen years in which he has filled the position of Locomotive Superintendent of the above Company.

The presentation took place in one of the large sheds at Gorton, when upwards of 200 of the workmen were present, besides most of the chief officers of the company. Mr. Ross, the secretary of the company, presented the testimonial to Mr. Peacock, and, in a short speech, alluded to the exertions of the general manager of this company, Mr. Watkin, who had always been an active and zealous promoter of education, and had already set machinery at work which would shortly give to those employed at these works the benefits of these libraries and reading-rooms, and he trusted he had only to call this to their minds to make them anxious to avail themselves to the utmost of such facilities for acquiring knowledge. The testimonial was presented to Mr. Peacock amidst loud cheers; and that gentleman said he felt especially proud that so large a proportion of it was contributed by those who had been under his control.

DOD'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE.—The edition for the current year of this valuable manual evidences, in a remarkable manner, the untiring observation and care bestowed in its preparation. The political changes of the past year and the war with Russia have brought about more than the usual number of additions and changes in the titled world; and upon turning over the pages we find that they have been recorded with remarkable precision and completeness down to the very latest date.

GENERAL SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS ON THE CRIMEAN EXPEDITION.

SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS, in a new edition of his treatise on "Naval Gunnery," introduces a chapter on the history and present aspect of the Crimean Expedition, which deserves more extensive notice than it is likely to receive in a purely technical work.

This publication is important as being, amongst the numerous commentaries volunteered upon the subject of the war, the first which has been issued upon professional authority of acknowledged weight and character. In proposing now to give a brief abstract of the observations of the gallant veteran, we may remark *en passant*—and we do it with no small degree of satisfaction—that his opinions on almost all points are of a tendency to confirm some which from time to time we have ventured to publish upon this subject; and this fact is the more significant and important, inasmuch as the opinions which we have so adventured have all been based upon the best authorities in military science. This consentaneousness in views by those entitled to propound them, whilst it leaves no doubt of much error in the past conduct of affairs, is encouraging, as giving confidence in the suggestions of remedy for the future; and as establishing that the art of war, particularly in that most important operation, a siege, is not a matter of mere chance, but, on the contrary, one of calculation and of certainty.

Sir Howard Douglas, after referring to the unprepared state in which the country found itself when it had fairly drifted into this war, owing to the "reckless spirit of economy" which during a long peace had abolished or reduced all our military establishments, points to the undeniable fact—beside which establishment efficiency becomes a matter of secondary consideration, a fact which we have more than once adverted to: that the expedition to the Crimea was undertaken with an army much too weak, numerically, for the purpose; and that even thus inefficiently projected it was commenced too late in the season, except under the notion of taking Sebastopol by a *coup-de-main*. The battle of Alma, though a brilliant affair, by weakening our army, and leaving a hostile army of observation still in the field, lessened what small chance we had at first of carrying the place; and this chance was again diminished when, by force of circumstances (the validity of which, however, Sir Howard disputes), we made the flank march, by which we abandoned the attack on the northern for one on the southern side of the town. Sir Howard contends that this movement was fatal to the cause:—

The flank march of the whole army to the south (he observes) abandoned at once to the enemy a perfectly free communication between the place to be besieged, and his army of observation in the field, and left open their line of operation from their base at Perekop; it disclosed the alarming fact that, from want of sufficient force, Sebastopol could not be invested on every side; that the most advantageous point of attack was not to be attacked, but turned; that the enemy's communication with the strongest portions of the town, its citadel, its keep, and the key of the whole position, was to be left open to him; and that, instead of besieging Sebastopol, the Allied army was only to attack an intrenched position on the southern heights, supported in its rear by the strongest features and the most formidable works of the place, and open to receive succour or reinforcements to any extent; also, that the attack of the place was to be carried on without a covering army, distinct from the besieging force, to protect it from being disturbed in its operations by the enemy in the field, who was thus left in direct and immediate communication with a *tête* which he might support with all his force. The flank march of the whole army to the south was an error in strategic science imposed of necessity upon the Allied Commanders by want of numerical strength to render the attack of Sebastopol safe and successful; and such error can only be justified by the absolute inability of the army to fulfil the conditions on which the siege of a fortress with a large army of observation in the field can be successful.

He then goes on to show how the operations ought to have been conducted on the north side, supposing the force for the purpose to have been sufficient; but upon this point we need not enter, for the necessary conditions did not exist. We entered upon a territory, in an enemy's country, with a force utterly inadequate; and, more fatal error still, without a reserve to call to its aid. The miserable reinforcements now being scraped together in all directions, and hastily dispatched to the seat of war, will, it is to be feared, "not be available during this campaign to do more than fill up the gaps which pestilence and war have made in the Allied army." And as to the new campaign of the New Year now opening upon us, what must we look to? "Not the dribblets which we are now sending out, and chiefly of new-raised men, will suffice; 200,000 men at least will be required to retrieve our errors there, and to carry on the war in the Crimea." It is curious that 200,000 was the very number we suggested as necessary for this purpose, writing on the subject some weeks ago.

How the troops now before Sebastopol have managed to hold their ground, and to carry on their work in the trenches, the gallant writer pronounces to be "a miracle of war." The force for guarding the trenches cannot be regulated by any calculation of the number of the garrison, for the place not being invested this cannot be known; the number opposed to us is indefinite; "but this we know, that the men on duty in the lines of approach are very nearly half the effective strength of the army; and that a very large portion of those who so heroically repulsed the attack of the 5th of November had just left their night's duty in the trenches."

In short, the ordinary relative positions of the besieged and besiegers are reversed in the present expedition; the besieged are strongest, and, being so, indulge in frequent sorties, a species of operation which a garrison should rarely undertake, first, because, being an operation of an "eccentric" character, the rallying party is at a disadvantage; and secondly, because the loss of a single man out of a weak garrison is more serious than that of half a dozen to a strong besieging force. The first of these considerations is not of importance, where the second fails; and, in the case of Sebastopol, the very contrary of the presupposed case exists; and, as Sir Howard observes, "when the garrison of a place is strong, or the besieging army inadequate to the enterprise (both of which is the case in the attack on Sebastopol, it not being invested), the loss of one man to the Allied army is far more serious to it than a much greater loss to the defenders of a position which may be strengthened to any extent commensurate with its force in the field."

We must copy two more brief paragraphs, in which the writer insists upon all that he has already advanced, and holds out a discouraging prospect of affairs, as the siege, or rather attack, is at present conducted:—

The southern heights (he says) may be crowned by our batteries; but lodgments formed on the face of the slope descending to the town, docks, and arsenal, would be so much exposed to the fire of the large octagonal work, and of all the batteries which, no doubt, have been established on the opposite side, that the occupation of the place appears to be utterly impracticable, without first reducing the works on the northern side; and to effect this will require another siege. Such is the necessary consequence of having attacked the place at the wrong side.

And again:—

Such a place need not, and will not, capitulate, attacked as it is, however successful that attack may be. The garrison cannot be captured; since, after making the most determined resistance, it may retire to the northern heights; or it may evacuate the place altogether, and unite itself with the army already in the field, after having rendered the town uninhabitable, and destroyed all the warlike stores it contains.

Having thus stated the more important of Sir Howard Douglas's observations—in the general principles of which we entirely concur—we may be permitted to make a remark which may slightly qualify their application to the particular case under consideration. The gallant General's personal experience in siege operations has been chiefly found in the brilliant Peninsular campaign of forty years ago, where the contending parties were the flower of two of the bravest armies in the world—free men, fighting for fame, for country, for position. Can this be said of the case between those two armies, now happily in alliance, and the base and barbarous serfs—not of Russia, but of the Russian Autocrat? Will these continue to defend their prison-house and their chains, when, a practicable breach being made, they have a pretence for yielding? Will these men defend their ground inch by inch, as the French did at St. Sebastian and Badajoz—preferring death in common to defeat? Or, to refer to the example of another brave people, fighting for freedom and nationality, will they mine and explode the ground under their feet, rather than yield, as the Spaniards did at Saragossa? With all due acknowledgment of the bravery which the Czar's army has already shown in the field, and behind their casemated batteries, we cannot expect to see such desperate resistance when the case becomes one of extremity; and, in the interest of humanity, would fain hope that, once we are in strength and position to turn the tide against the enemy, the ultimate struggle may be less sanguinary than Peninsular precedents would lead one to expect. Still, however, until the Allies have 200,000 men in the field, it is premature to speculate upon the issue.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

LORD ROKEBY and Major-General Barnard embarked on Wednesday afternoon, at Plymouth, on board the *St. Jean d'Acre*, 101; and at four o'clock she steamed out of Plymouth Sound for Queenstown, on her voyage to the Black Sea.

RETURN OF THE "HIMALAYA."—The *Himalaya* arrived at Spithead on Tuesday afternoon, from the Black Sea, Malta, and Gibraltar. She has brought home nearly 800 wounded and invalid officers and men, women, children, and others. The number of wounded on board, independently of officers, are—men, 48; sick, 88; whilst there are also 225 women and 306 children. In the passage from Malta there have been six births on board the *Himalaya*, and one death—that of a private of the Royal Artillery. On coming up to Spithead the *Himalaya* had the yellow flag flying from her foremast head, and it was at first believed that cholera or other sickness prevailed on board. She soon, however, after coming to anchor, obtained pratique, and lowered the ominous flag. Upon the whole, all on board are in fair health, considering that many are invalids, and wounded. The sea-breeze and the approach to the British shores have evidently done good to both sick and wounded. The *Himalaya* will have to go to Southampton to have repairs effected. These will require to be extensive, but they will have to be done at the expense of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company, from whom Government purchased the *Himalaya*, and who are bound to keep her in repair for twelve months after the date of the purchase.

THERE are at present in course of preparation at the Naval Arsenal at Malta a number of shells, to be used in blowing up the Russian ships sunk at the mouth of the port of Sebastopol. The shell is of the usual spherical shape; and is divided into two sections, each having an outer rim, by which, when charged, the two parts are firmly screwed together. These shells are of different sizes—some constructed to contain 250 lb., others 500 lb., and others even 1000 lb. of gunpowder. When required for operation, a copper wire will be attached to each, in connection with a galvanic battery, and the shell dropped into the hold of the vessel.

The Government has ordered iron stabling for 2000 horses to be constructed, to be ready for dispatch to the Crimea in three weeks.

ACCORDING to the returns made up to Monday, at the Admiralty, Great Britain has 142 vessels of war propelled by steam-power afloat and in commission, and 104 sailing-ships—total, 246.

By advices received from Constantinople, the *Metropolitan* steamer, the *Charity* steamer, the *Basilic* steamer, the *Hydaspes*, *Norman*, *Jura*, *Blake*, *Alpore*, and *Robert Lowe* had all arrived safely from England, laden with troops, stores, and munitions, and passed on to the Crimea since the 16th ult.

On Monday the labourers in the Tower, assisted by the fatigue parties furnished by the garrison of the fortress, and upwards of 100 extra workmen, were actively engaged in dispatching commissariat and military stores to the Crimea. The stores principally consisted of warm fur clothing, flannels, blankets, preserved meats, Minié rifles and rifled carbines, sabres, bayonets, revolvers, lances, various articles of accoutrements, horse clothing, nose-bags, and picket posts and ropes (halters). There are now above 25,000 stand of Minié rifles required.

COLONEL HARRY G. JONES, director of the engineering establishment at Chatham, is under orders to proceed to the seat of war in the Crimea. It was expected that he would embark at the same time as the 1st Company of Royal Sappers and Miners, now at Chatham, under orders of readiness to embark for the Crimea. The Sappers have been medically inspected, and are now receiving a supply of warm clothing and very strong boots for trench work.

EMBODIMENT OF THE ENTIRE MILITIA.—It is intended to call out the whole of the Militia regiments of the United Kingdom, including the entire Irish as well as Scotch Militia. Already sixty-four English and Welsh regiments are embodied, and sixteen more are ordered out, making eighty out of the hundred of England and Wales. The remaining twenty will make the last batch. The number of men authorised by Parliament for this part of the local force is 80,000, whilst the number for Scotland is 10,000, and for Ireland 30,000. If, out of these, 80,000 can be got together, it will be an outside number. Some 15,000 of the better-prepared Militia regiments will garrison the Mediterranean colonies, requiring a fourth more to remain at home for the purposes of depôts and keeping up the force abroad. Thus 20,000 are provided for. The remaining 60,000 will be required for home duty, in conjunction with the depôts of the regular army, and for volunteering into the Line. It is expected that sufficient barracks will soon be ready for the whole number—sooner, in fact, than the men can be procured. In the military colonies of Malta, Gibraltar, and Corfu, the militia regiments will do the garrison duty. At Malta, in addition, it is intended to have a reserve force of regulars in training, and ready for immediate embarkation to any point where their services may be required in the field. Already a most lively competition is displayed by the Militia regiments longest enrolled for the first turn of garrison service in the Mediterranean.

A NEW FIELD BATTERY FOR THE CRIMEA.—A new and powerful field battery, Captain Ward's Company, 3rd Battalion Royal Artillery, joined the brigade of field batteries on Monday last, and, with Captain Smythe's Company, 6th Battalion, will form a new and powerful field battery of heavy guns, which will proceed to the Crimea early in the spring. Captain Smythe's Company will take the right half of the battery, and Captain Ward's Company the left half. The guns will be iron 32-pounders, of 42 cwt., each drawn by twelve horses, and it is in contemplation to harness them three abreast, as in the Swedish service. Great interest is attached to the formation of this battery, as it is the first ever composed of such heavy guns for field service; their great advantage over light guns being shown at Inkerman, when Colonel Gambier brought up his two 18-pounders, which mainly contributed to decide that glorious victory. The companies for this field battery are to be made up to 280 non-commissioned officers, gunners, and drivers, and 230 horses are to be attached to it.

An entirely new and very extensive factory is forthwith to be erected for the manufacture in large quantities of the rifle-musket; and the Board of Ordnance has now entered into the necessary contracts for the buildings and machinery. Messrs. Fairbairn, the well-known engineers of Manchester, have contracted to complete in six months the whole of the buildings, motive power, and mill-shafting, &c.; and other contractors will, within the same period, complete and fix the tools and machines used in the various processes of rifle-making. The engines are to be capable of exerting a force of upwards of 200-horse power; and machines of the newest and most improved character will be employed in every department of the manufacture, so as to ensure both perfect accuracy in the weapon and economy in the cost of its production. The extent of the contract with Messrs. Fairbairn is understood to be about £60,000.

The second London detachment of the men engaged by Messrs. Peto and Betts to construct the railway from Balacava to the trenches before and the heights around Sebastopol left Blackwall on Tuesday, in the *Hesperus*, 800 tons. She carries her full burden, 800 tons of rails, sleepers, and other materials, with fuel for twelve days, but presents no appearance whatever of being unduly laden; and, should the weather be but moderately favourable, it is anticipated that she will reach Malta without stopping at Gibraltar to coal, and accomplish the entire voyage to Balacava in three weeks. She will be followed by the *Prince of Wales* and the *Earl of Durham*, the former carrying 80 and the latter 50 navvies.

The *Euphrates* freight-ship sailed from Spithead on Wednesday afternoon for the Black Sea. The *Clyde* steam-transport, with a few troops and a cargo of stores for the Crimea, left Portsmouth on Wednesday morning. On the same day the Government transport 161 sailed from Torbay, laden with provisions, stores, and munitions of war, for Balacava.

CAVALRY REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE CRIMEA.

THE large illustration upon the preceding page represents the uniforms of some of our Cavalry Regiments which so gloriously distinguished themselves at the battle of Balacava. In a former number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS we published a detailed account of each corps. Sickness and the enemy's guns have sadly thinned the ranks of those fine-looking fellows who, but a few months since, left our shores in robust health. But, although their numerical strength has diminished, the energy and patient endurance of both men and officers remain unconquerable. Orders have been issued for augmenting each cavalry regiment in the East, increasing them to eighty horses per troop, instead of forty-five. If the alleged intention is carried out, it will give every corps 481 horses, instead of 271; but even that barely amounts to half the strength borne on the establishment during the Peninsular War.

From the battle of Cressy, in 1346, to the present date, nothing is recorded in history surpassing the indomitable courage and heroism displayed by the mounted chivalry of England, on the 25th of October last, at Balacava. Against overwhelming numbers, and for no attainable object, the Light Brigade was commanded to advance, and nobly they obeyed the mandate. It is not our purpose to dwell on the origin from whence the order emanated. The edict went forth, and every soldier dashed gallantly forward in support of the supremacy of his country's honour. Lamentable as the result proved, by the annihilation of more than half our force, the boldness of the enterprise taught the enemy a salutary lesson, which has deterred the Russian cavalry from molesting our troops since that period. Had the Emperor's squadrons possessed the daring displayed by every British dragoon on that memorable day, not one of our gallant fellows would have returned to recount the details of such unnecessary slaughter.



8TH HUSSARS.

17TH LANCERS.

ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

5TH DRAGOON GUARDS.

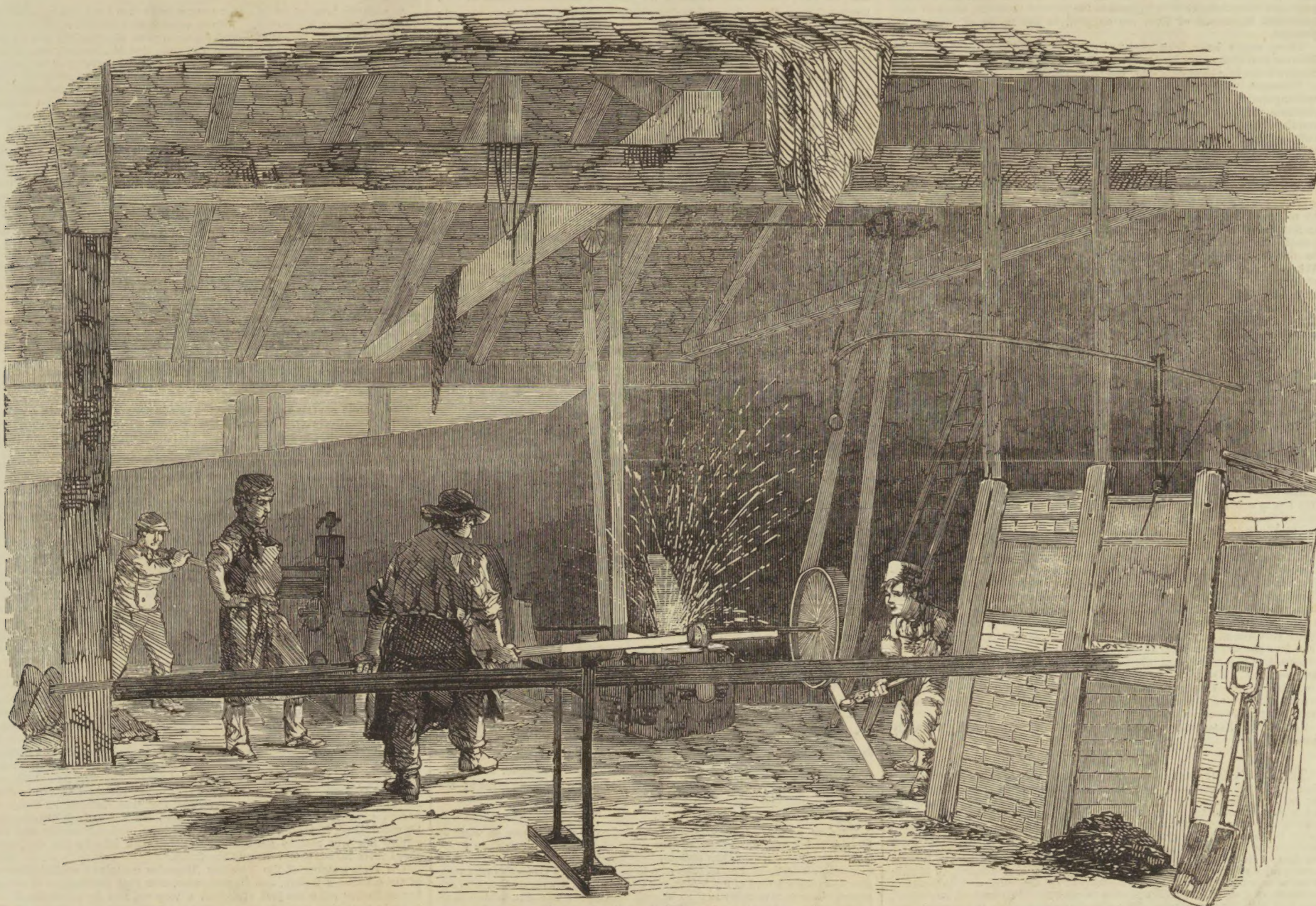
4TH DRAGOON GUARDS.

1ST ROYAL DRAGOONS.

11TH HUSSARS.

CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE WAR.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

C H A I N - C A B L E S .



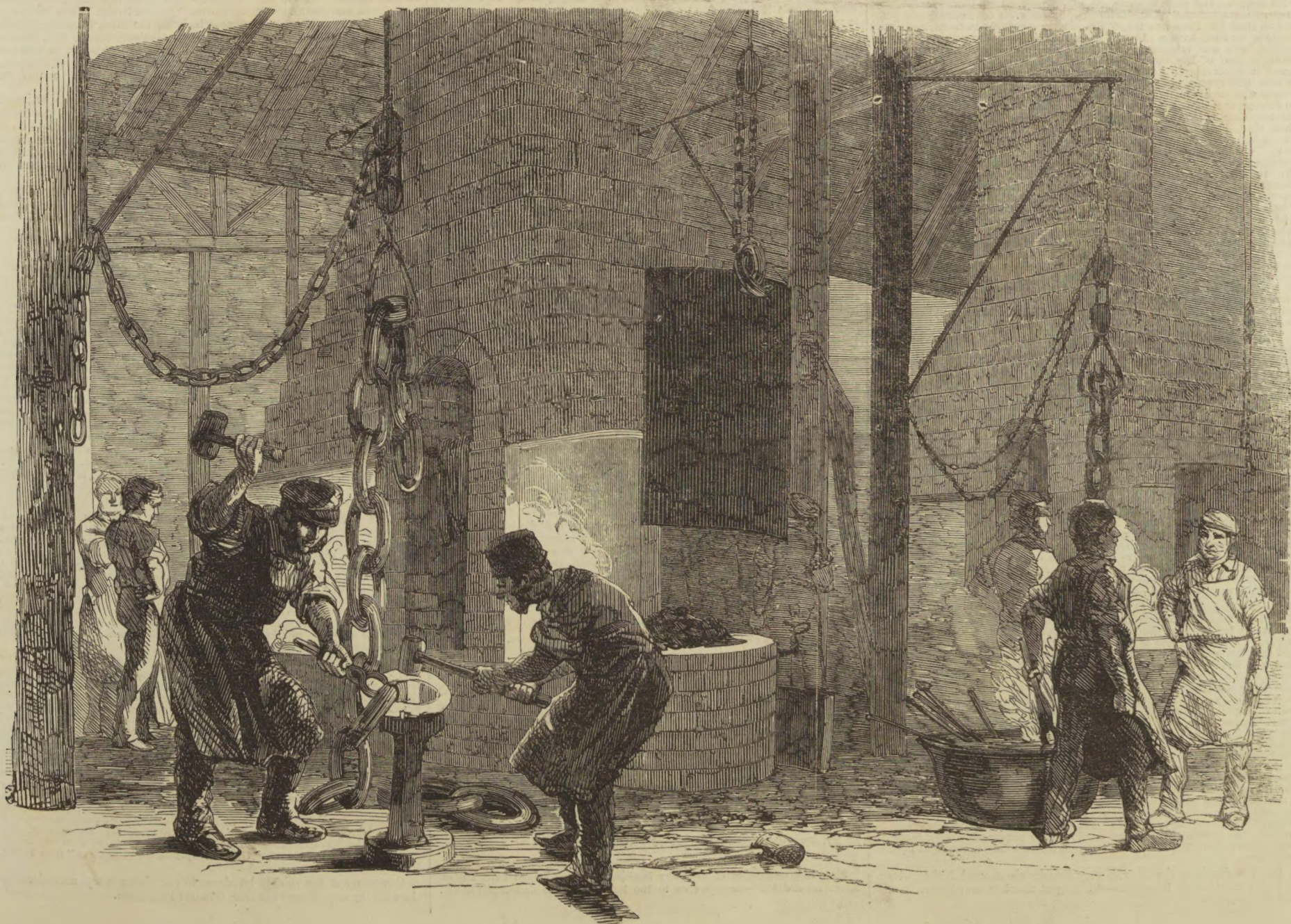
CHAIN-CABLE FORGING, AT THE PHOENIX WORKS, TIVIDALE, NEAR DUDLEY.—CUTTING THE ROD OF IRON.

MANY a stroller upon the Chain-pier at Brighton will recollect that around a sun-dial placed on the transverse platform is inscribed the name of the inventor of this elegant structure—Captain Sir Samuel Brown, R.N. To the same skilful engineer we owe the invention of the Chain-cable.

He established his works upon the Isle of Dogs some forty years since, and the invention was thus noticed in the "Reports of the Juries of the Great Exhibition of 1851":—

A Captain of the British Navy (Sir Samuel Brown) introduced cables made

of iron links, so arranged as to be easily worked. These Chain-cables are now in general use, not only in ships of war, but also in the commercial shipping of every maritime nation. We should have been happy if so vast an improvement had been recent enough to have received the highest of our awards, as



CHAIN-CABLE FORGING.—SIDE-WELDING.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

being one of the greatest boons effected for the shipping interests, and the preservation of life and property.

It is to a principal seat of this branch of manufacture that our Artist takes the reader in the pair of Illustrations engraved upon the preceding pages, as being fraught with interest at the present moment, when so many additional thousands of lives are exposed to the perils of stormy sea-passage.

These scenes have been sketched at the Phoenix Works of Messrs. Melrose and Hussey, at Tivdiale, near Dudley, who are now casting an extensive order of Chain-cables for the Government.

There are two methods of making Cables, technically termed "side-welding" and "end-welding;" the latter is the old-fashioned and the most common method, there being but few establishments laid out for side-welding. This is rather more expensive, but makes the best chain, not only as regards appearance, but also quality. All the Cables for the Government are made so as to enable them to stand the severest test to which they are subjected. The smaller-size Cables, however—say up to one inch—are all end-welded. The method of making side-welded chain is as follows; viz.—The bars of iron are put into a furnace, and, when hot, are cut up into pieces of the required length to form one link, by means of a circular saw. The cut is made in a sloping direction, so as to form what is termed the scarf, and so as to present a large surface as possible for welding. From the saw, and when still hot, the scarf is taken to the bending-machine, and bent to the required form of the link. When a number of links are thus formed, they are handed over to the chain-makers for completion. This consists in welding the ends of the links together; connecting one link with the other, and inserting the stay-pins or studs, which are used to give additional stiffness to the chain. They now only remain to be tested, by means of a powerful hydraulic-machine; and the side-welded Chain is ready for use.

For the "end-welded" Chain, the iron is cut off cold of the required length to form the links, by means of a large pair of shears worked by a steam-engine. The remainder of the operation is performed by the chain-makers themselves, who bend the link to the required form by hand, instead of by machinery; after which they weld the ends together. In some establishments, which have not the benefit of machinery, the iron is entirely cut by hand, and the fires blown by bellows; but this is a very tedious operation. In all large establishments machinery is brought into requisition as much as possible; and the fires are all supplied with blast from a fan worked by the engine; so that the chain-makers have only to open a valve, and the fires are blown for them.

The difference between "side-welding" and "end-welding," as the name implies, is merely that, in one case, the junction of the iron is made at the side of the link; and, in the other case, at the end.

The Illustrations are a pair of Vulcanian scenes. In the first is shown the mode in which the long rods of iron are cut by the circular saw. At one end the rods rest upon a tressel, in the foreground of the workshop; while the other ends are placed in the furnace, and are there heated to red heat—three or four, or more, at a time, as required. They are then drawn from the furnace by a man and a boy; the man taking the cold ends of the bars, while the boy carries the heated end by means of a hooked piece of iron. Thus they carry each rod to the bench where is placed the saw, which revolves with great velocity, by means of steam-power. The boy then lays the end he has borne on the spot close to the saw, while the man presses it to the wheel, and places it so that it may be cut off somewhat wedge-shaped. The rods are thus cut into proper lengths for each link, according to the size required. The wheel in cutting the red-hot iron causes it to give off a molten shower of large sparks in an unbroken circle, resembling a firework wheel.

The second Illustration shows the method of "side-welding," already described.

THE CZAR'S PRUSSIAN RECRUITS.—The Berlin journals announce that nearly 100 German surgeons have been enlisted by Russian legations for military hospital duties, and that they are to assemble in that city in a few days in order to be provided with the necessary passports and directions. This recruiting is by an ingenious contrivance no way regarded as an infraction of the criminal code, which the Prussian Government has ordered to be put in force against all recruits and men recruited for foreign service. And yet these surgeons are by contract to have Lieutenant's rank at first starting. A pleasant anecdote is current in Berlin, relative to a conversation upon the subject of the surgeons' enlistment, between one of the Prussian Ministers and the Russian military agent charged with the recruitment. The Minister, it is said, made some faint attempts to object, and threw in doubts whether the permission was strictly consistent with Prussian "neutrality;" whereupon, among other arguments, the other observed, "Ah, your Excellency must take into consideration the great comfort it will be, in case of war between the Emperor and Germany, for wounded German prisoners to be attended by their own countrymen!"

THE BALACLAVA RAILWAY.—We are still as busy as we can be with the guns and ammunition; but, so long as the roads continue in their present state, nothing can be done expeditiously. I am exceedingly glad to find that Mr. Peto has taken the matter seriously in hand, and that ere long we shall have a railroad from Balacava to the heights. Great, indeed, was our surprise to see the following advertisement of the *Morning Post* of December 2:—"Messrs. Peto, Brassey, Betts, and Co., want immediately to go to the Crimea, under a civil engineer, good miners, quarrymen, plate-layers, carpenters, smiths, and navvies. Liberal wages, and engagement for a definite period." The whole thing sounds so strange that one can scarcely credit one's ears, and yet, so true is the matter, that within one month from this day it is quite possible that shot, shell, guns, mortars, nay, regiments, will be running on rails, for the express purpose of amusing the army and navy of Sebastopol. As you go from camp to camp you constantly catch the cry, "Charlton, have you heard about the railway, and that soon we are to have pleasure-trips every Monday and Thursday to Balacava, by way of a change?" "Yes," answers Charlton, "I have heard about it, and there is an advertisement of Peto's in the papers; but I am sick of this fishing when the river's dry—why, we ought to have had a tramroad at work two months ago; preparations should have been made when we were starting for the Crimea. I consider the Government has a great deal to answer for." Poor Government! What a cry would there have been had rails been carried out for an unknown purpose, and ships laden with workmen to labour they knew not where; indeed, what could have been more ludicrous than the idea of a railway in connection with the Eastern expedition, until it was known that a siege would take place, and a road of several miles be required for the purpose of carrying it on with the necessary energy?—*Letter from the Camp, Dec. 23.*

THE WOODEN HOUSES FOR THE CRIMEA.—We shall have our noble troops under cover before the frost and snow are upon them; for at this moment the *Metropolitan* and *Cosmopolitan* are, I hear, coming up the Sea of Marmora, and will be at Balacava with their cargoes of houses by Christmas-day, and those houses will be standing on the heights above Sebastopol early in the month of January. What a time of rejoicing will it be when our brave soldiers shall have a covering which will shelter them well from the wet and cold! It will cheer them under their heavy trials, and mitigate the mortality. But it must not be supposed that sickness will cease entirely—very far from it; so long as new regiments and fresh drafts come out periodically to recruit our army, so long shall we have a very large number of sick, at least, during the winter months. It is not the tent which causes diarrhoea, and dysentery, and rheumatism, and that affection of the nerves which results from a disordered state of the digestive organs; no, it is the reckless neglect of self on the part of the young soldier, who so often prefers lying down in his dripping great-coat, even though by a little exertion he could get something dry next his skin; and, as to cooking his food, he eats his meat almost raw, and drinks a decoction of half-boiled coffee, rather than worry himself by a search for the necessary quantity of fuel. Put such men under the shelter of the best of houses, and they would soon sicken and die.—*Letter from the Camp, Dec. 21.*

A NEW BULLET-EXTRACTOR.—The frightful list of our wounded at the hard-fought battles of Alma and Inkerman suggested to Mr. Izra Miles (of Stoke Hammond) the idea of constructing an instrument for extracting bullets from the wounds with comparative ease, rapidity, and safety. The contrivance is very simple, consisting of a small air-pump and cylinder, to which a tap is affixed. To this tap is attached a suitable length of flexible tubing, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, lined inside with silver wire to prevent its collapsing. At the other end of this tube there is a small globe, from which a tube sufficiently minute to pass into a bullet wound is fixed, the end terminating with an indiarubber collar. On the top of the globe there is a small tap in order to admit a probe to pass down the tube to sound when on the bullet. The mode of operation is this:—A vacuum is created in the cylinder, the tube before alluded to is passed into the wound, and when it is ascertained to be on the ball the tap in the cylinder is opened, when the bullet becomes fixed to the tube by the vacuum thus created, and is thus withdrawn. The great merit of this invention consists in its obviating the necessity for the painful and dangerous operation of cutting out bullets, and by its means a medical man, with the aid of an assistant to work the air-pump, would be able to accomplish the work which now occupies many surgeons. When the cylinder is once exhausted, it would extract several bullets without the necessity of again working the air-pump. The Medical Board has given directions to an eminent instrument-maker to fit up the apparatus.

On Sunday last, the Rev. Henry Brooks christened 104 children in St. Peter's Church, Liverpool—the largest number ever known in one day in the parish.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.

THE New Year opens with the same inactivity in literary circles with which the year 1854 concluded. There is no prospect before Christmas of two more volumes from Mr. Macaulay; and, from what we hear, as little prospect of our receiving the two volumes of Moore's *Journal and Letters* from Lord John Russell. There are, however, promises of moment in the literature of the Fine Arts. We are to have new lives of Velasquez, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Robert Strange, and the late Mr. Etty. The *Life of Velasquez* comes from the pen of Mr. Sterling.

Another year reminds us of the veterans in literature, art, and the stage, still in the body among us. Our oldest poet is, of course, Mr. Rogers—now in his ninetieth year. Our oldest historian is Mr. Hallam—now in his seventy-fourth year. Our oldest critic is Mr. Wilson Croker—now in his seventy-fifth year. Our oldest novelist is Lady Morgan—but we shall conceal her Ladyship's age. Our oldest topographer is Mr. Britton—now, if we remember rightly, in his eighty-third year. Our oldest topographer in point of publication is the historian of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, whose first work was a quarto, published before 1799. We refer to Sir Henry Ellis, still the active Principal Librarian of the British Museum. Mr. Leigh Hunt was a poet with a printed volume of his effusions in verse, and his own portrait before it more than half a century ago, and is now, in good health, in his seventy-first year. Our oldest artist is Sir Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, the father of the Royal Academy. Our oldest actor (now that Charles Kemble has gone) is Mr. T. P. Cooke, who was, when we saw him the other day, ready to dance a hornpipe with all his wonted English vigour and sailor-like skill.

A new letter of moment in the story of Swift's *Life* has just been published by Mr. Cunningham in the concluding volume of his edition of "Johnson's Lives." It is a letter from Sir William Temple, the great statesman, to Sir Robert Southwell:—

Sr.—This afternoon I hear, though by a common hande, that you are going over into Ireland, Secretary of State! for that kingdom, upon wch I venture to make you the offer of a servant, in case you may have occasion for such a one as this bearer. Hee was borne and bred there (though of a good family in Herefordshire), was near seven years in the Colledge of Dublin, and ready to take his degree of Master of Arts, when hee was forced away by the desertion of that colledge upon the calamitys of the country. Since that time hee has lived in my house, read to mee, writt for mee, and kept all accounts as far as my small occasions required. He has latine and greek, some french, writes a very good and current hand, is very honest and diligent, and has good friends, though they have for the present lost their fortunes, in Ireland, and his whole family having been long known to mee obliged mee thus far to take care of him. If you please to accept him into your service, either as a Gentleman to waite on you, or as a Clarke to write under you, and either to use him so if you like his service, or upon any establishment of the Colledge, to recommend him to a fellowship there, wch hee has a just pretence to, I shall acknowledge it as a great obligation to mee, as well as to him, and endeavour to deserve it by the constancy of my being always,

Sr. yr most faithfull and most humble servant, W. TEMPLE.
Moor Parke, near Farnham, May 29, 1690.

When this letter was written Swift was in his twenty-third year. The description of Swift's capabilities is curious.

In the same volume, and also published for the first time, is Swift's last letter to Dr. Arbuthnot. Most touching is the account he gives of his own condition and prospects:—

[Dublin, 1733.]

My dear Friend,—I never once suspected your forgetfulness or want of friendship, but very often dreaded your want of health, to which alone I imputed every delay longer than ordinary in hearing from you. I should be very ungrateful, indeed, if I acted otherwise to you, who are pleased to take such generous constant care of my health, my interests, and my reputation, who represented me so favourably to that blessed Queen your mistress, as well as to her Ministers, and to all your friends. The letters you mention which I did not answer I cannot find, and yet I have all that ever came from you, for I constantly endorse yours and those of a few other friends, and date them; only if there be anything particular, though of no consequence, when I go to the country I send them to some friends among other papers for fear of accidents in my absence. I thank you kindly for your favour to the young man who was bred in my quire. The people of skill in music represent him to me as a lad of virtue and hopeful and endeavouring in his way. It is your own fault if I give you trouble, because you never refused me anything in your life. You tear my heart with the ill account of your health; yet if it should please God to call you away before me, I should not pity you in the least, except on the account of what pains you might feel before you passed into a better life. I should pity none but your friends, and among them chiefly myself, although I never can hope to have health enough to leave this country till I leave the world. I do not know among mankind any person more prepared to depart from us than yourself—not even the Bishop of Marseilles, if he be still alive; for, among all your qualities that have procured you the love and esteem of the world, I ever most valued your moral and Christian virtues, which were not the product of years or sickness, but of reason and religion, as I can witness after above five-and-twenty years' acquaintance. I except only the too little care of your fortune; upon which I have been so free as sometimes to examine and to chide you, and the consequence of which has been to confine you to London, when you are under a disorder for which I am told, and know, that the clear air of the country is necessary. The great reason that hinders my journey to England is the same that drives you from Highgate—I am not in circumstances to keep horses and servants in London. My revenues, by the miserable oppressions of this kingdom, are sunk £300 a year, for tithes are become a drag, and I have but little rents from the deanery lands, which are my only sure payments. I have here a large convenient house; I live at two-thirds cheaper here than I could there; I drink a bottle of French wine myself every day, though I love it not; but it is the only thing that keeps me out of pain. I ride every fair day a dozen miles, on a large strand or turnpike road. You in London have no such advantages. I can buy a chicken for a groat, and entertain three or four friends, with as many dishes, and two or three bottles of French wine, for ten shillings. When I dine alone, my pint and chicken, with the appendices, cost me about fifteen pence. I am thrifty in everything but wine, of which, though I be not a constant housekeeper, I spend between five and six hogsheads a year. When I ride to a friend a few miles off, if he be not richer than I, I carry my bottle, my bread and chicken, that he may be no loser. I talk thus foolishly to let you know the reasons which, joined to my ill health, make it impossible for me to see you and my other friends. And perhaps this domestic tattle may excuse me, and amuse you. I could not live with my Lord Bo—or Mr. Pope: they are both too temperate and too wise for me, and too profound and too poor. And how could I afford horses? And how could I ride over their cursed roads in winter, and be turned into a ditch by every carter or hackney-coach? Every parish minister of this city is governor of all carriages, so are the two Deans, and every carter, &c., makes way for us at their peril. Therefore, like Caesar, I will be one of the first here rather than the last among you. I forget that I am so near the bottom. I am now with one of my Prebendaries, five miles in the country, for five days. I brought with me eight bottles of wine, with bread and meat for three days, which is my club: he is a bachelor with £300 a year. Pray God preserve you, my dear friend.

Entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

Dr. John Arbuthnot, at his house, Cork-street, Burlington-Gardens.

A curious controversy is waging about the money value of the small triangular opening at the east end of St. Paul's Cathedral—for no one seems to doubt the architectural value of such an open space. The controversy is conducted, not anonymously, as is too often the case, but openly, and by well-known persons. The actual space is, we are assured, one-fifth of an acre, or 8700 feet; and the money value, at City frontage prices, is estimated by Mr. Tite at £60,000. Messrs. Daniel Smith and Son, the surveyors, value the land at half that sum; and Mr. Dickinson, the paper-maker, is inclined to agree with the Messrs. Smith in their estimate of its value. All the combatants are able men at figures, and each has a large experience of the value of frontage ground in the city of London. In one thing they are all agreed—that the opening must be preserved; and all are willing to put their hands into their pockets towards its purchase.

We have received the following letter (one among many) on the subject of Mr. Martin's celebrated picture of "Belshazzar's Feast":—

46, Portland-place, January 1, 1855.

Sir,—In your number of Saturday last—article, "Town and Table Talk of Literature and Art"—in reference to the late lamentable destruction of Mr.

Naylor's pictures, you state that the original and *only* painting of "Belshazzar's Feast" by Martin, and that from which the print was engraved, has been so seriously injured by the late accident as to be past all chance of restoration.

As a sincere lover of art no one can regret more than I the loss sustained by that liberal patron Mr. Naylor. At the same time, I think it right to correct the statement above referred to—first, by saying that Mr. Naylor's was not the *only* picture of the subject by Martin; and next, that Mr. Naylor's was not the picture from which the engraving was taken. It will be seen upon comparison that the subject of Mr. Naylor's picture differs materially from the print. The original picture, from which the engraving was taken, is now in the possession of Mr. White, printseller, of Brownlow-street, Holborn; and I am sure he would be happy to show it to you or any person who would call upon him.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant, C. J. PALMER.

We have not seen the picture in Mr. White's hands, but can state (from our own knowledge, derived from Mr. Martin himself) that the engraving—and a most excellent one it is—differs materially, and for the better, from the first design, from Mr. Naylor's picture, and from every other variation of the subject made by Martin himself. Mr. Martin's family look upon Mr. Naylor's picture as the original picture, and regret its destruction.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

THE New Year has opened with a steeplechase meeting at Manchester, which was a very sickly shadow of the bygone Grimaldi and Lottery days of the sport; and as yet no more are set down on the January list, except one at Croydon for the 31st. The Liverpool entries are not as yet complete, but we hear that they will probably fall about eight short of last year, and the Great Handicap entries are also expected to be below the average.

The public coursing meeting for the ensuing week are seven in number. Chaddesley (Corbett), Worcestershire, claims Plough Monday; and the coursers of Erin have their meeting at Kilkenny on Tuesday and Wednesday; Huggate (open), which is reached by a six-mile ride over the wolds from Pocklington, is appointed for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday; Spelthorne for Wednesday; Lytham (Wharton open), for Thursday and Friday; Red Dial (Wigton), for Thursday; and Caledonian (Lanark), for Thursday, &c. Mr. McGeorge is to be the trier at Huggate, and Mr. Dunlop will hold that office at the next Lytham meeting which is fixed for January 29th.

There is little to record of the hunting season, except that Melton is very full of fashionables; and that Mr. Tattersall will bring seventeen or eighteen good, seasoned specimens to the hammer on Monday. The foxes generally are said to be very good, now that the importation of "Frenchmen," who were spoiling the breed (as much as the red-legged partridges are spoiling the science of our setters and pointers), has very much ceased, and Irish foxes substituted in their place. One of the monarchs of his vulpine race was killed by terriers last week, in Cumberland, among crags where "the horn of Royal Ingleswood" is no longer heard, and was found to weigh 22 lbs. It seems that the celebrated Pytchley run, to which we alluded some time back, will be known to all time as the "North Kilworth day," and rank among fox-hunting archives with "the Billesdon Coplew day," and that least of remarkable runs which three packs, one of them Earl Fitzwilliam's, had on the same wonderful scintillating morning about seven seasons ago. "Scribble," in the *Sporting Magazine* of this month, thus epitomises the above Pytchley run:—"It lasted three hours, engaged two foxes, and extended over about eighteen miles from point to point. It certainly was one of the most brilliant runs on record; and as Charles Payne accounted for his fox not by a *losin* on him, but by running him to ground, every credit should be given to him for his patience and perseverance. The fox was changed in Scotland Wood, after running at a wonderful pace from North Kilworth, by Stanford Hall, Hemphol Hills, Nasely Willows, and Silbertoft; and the second fox was run to ground near Cottesbrook late in the day, with about three horses persevering to the finish."

The same number of the *Sporting Magazine* contains a capital likeness of the celebrated jockey, Job Marson, who, now that the chances of seeing Frank Butler (who has just sustained a very sad loss by the death of his wife) in the saddle seem so very dubious, ranks with Sam Rogers at the very head of the jockey fraternity. We glean from the memoir which accompanies it that he had his maiden mount at Beverley, June 30th, 1831, on Mr. Bell's Ciderella, who proved a winner in his hands. At this time he was able to ride six stone, and even now he can ride 7st. 8lbs., without any serious discomfort, when a great occasion calls for it. All the racing world is just now occupied with mental speculations on the weights for the great handicaps, which have just closed, and business at "the Corner" is not lively. John Scott has already 66 nags in hand, and now includes the Hon. Stanhope Hawke amongst his masters. Pyrrhus's 40-guineas' subscription is full, thanks to Virago. Gladiator is quite at the head of French sires, in point of winners and amount; and the four-year-old brother to Maid of Masham, whom the Earl of Glasgow was anxious to purchase, when a yearling, for 400 guineas, appears in the forfeit list with £705 of stake arrears.

The York blood stock sales this week were fairly good. Mr. W. Stebbings bought Sicily for 400 guineas, and Lord Lonsborough the brood mare Florence for 270 guineas. It is said that his Lordship is to have Newminster for £1500 at the close of the present season, during which he has been let for £250. Thomas Dawson bought Red Lion in for 400 guineas, Chief Justice was sold for 410 guineas, and Inheritress (not in foal) for 110 guineas.

Herring's four racing pictures are announced for publication by Messrs. Fores shortly, and contain capital portraits of Voltigeur, Teddington, and West Australian; and a most speaking print has just come out of Tom Egan, in his well-known boating attire.

THE NEW BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE.

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Engineering Department, Bank of England.

In your Paper of the 30th December, 1854, in the article on the subject of the Bank of England Note, relative to the Water-mark, it is stated that "the moulds from which the paper is made are executed by Mr. Brewer." I beg to inform you that the whole of our valuable patent process for the manufacture of the new Water-mark is executed on the premises of the Bank in London (and not at the mill, as stated), by my own hands, under the superintendence of Mr. Hensman, the engineer-in-chief; by whom it is sent to Mr. W. S. Portal, at the Mill, when Mr. W. Brewer places the different portions together on the mould-frames, superintends any repairs, &c., that may be necessary. (See extract of Mr. Smees's paper, at Society of Arts, December 20th, 1854. *Journal*, page 85.)—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

January 2nd, 1855. JOHN SMITH.

. In the account of the Bank-note Paper-mill, at pp. 703-4, for "Messrs. Donkin and Co., of Manchester," read "Messrs. Donkin and Co., of Birmmgham."

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH'S BUILDING EXPENSES.—A curious document has been lately found amongst the papers of a rich Versailles tradesman, recently deceased. This document is an account of the building expenses incurred by Louis XIV. under Mansard. The account is drawn up by Marimer, a clerk in the architect's employ. We add a few items. Versailles, Marly, and dependencies, 116,238,893 livres; Saint Germain, 6,155,551 livres; Fontainebleau, 2,775,746 livres; Chambord, 1,225,701 livres; Louvre and Tuilleries, 10,008,969 livres; the Observatory, 725,174 livres; the Invalids, 1,718,382 livres; Place Vendome, 2,062,639 livres; Canal de Languedoc, 7,736,555 livres; Gobelin, &c., 3,645,943 livres; on account of manufactures, 1,979,990 livres; total, 158,000,000 livres, or upwards of six millions sterling.

ST. MARTIN'S-HALL.—On Monday a meeting was convened by Mr. Robert Owen, which was numerously attended. The subject of his lecture was connected with a proposition by Mr. Thomas Atkins, C.E., Oxford, to establish an industrial and provident moral, scientific, and education association, in connexion with a college to educate youth of both sexes in the practical duties of life—a sort of "model university," indeed, "in which the useful positive sciences of human nature and society—magnetism and electricity, astronomy and geology, chemistry and mechanics—shall be taught by means of easy, industrial healthy labour." In the course of his remarks Mr. Owen complained of having been neglected or obstructed by the press—his advertisements having been frequently rejected, notwithstanding his willingness to pay for them. He proposed, further, that on Monday, the 14th May next, a great aggregate meeting in the metropolis should be held, consisting of delegates from all Governments and countries, religious sects, parties, and classes. Among the speakers were Mr. Atkins, Mr. Pemberton, Mr. Wilkins, and Mr. Campbell. At length the proceedings were adjourned until the 14th May, when a "Universally Attractive System" is to be put into operation.

Government are said to be about to cut down very considerably the working expenses of the Irish General Post-office.

MUSIC.

HERR GOFFRIE'S second soirée musicale, at the rooms of the Réunion des Arts in Harley-street, on Wednesday evening, attracted a large and fashionable assemblage, including many of our most distinguished professional musicians and amateurs. The entertainment was worthy of the audience. The principal pieces were Mozart's second quartet in D minor, and Beethoven's first quartet in F, performed by Messrs. Ernst, Goffrie, Hill, and Piatti; a new sonata, for the piano and violin, composed by Mr. Benedict, and played by the author and Herr Goffrie; Moscheles's celebrated pianoforte duet, "Homage à Handel," performed by Messrs. Benedict and Gollnick; and a solo on the violoncello by Signor Piatti. The quartets, two of the finest specimens of their respective composers, displayed Ernst's great (we may almost say unrivalled) qualities as a chamber performer—his deliciously vocal tone, refinement, and feeling. He was admirably supported by his three coadjutors, Piatti especially, who maintains his ground as the first of our violoncello-players. Benedict's new sonata is a masterly work, well deserving of the warm applause bestowed upon it by a very critical audience. Two airs, well sung by Mlle. Bauer, formed an agreeable variety. The last of these elegant entertainments is announced for the 17th of this month.

The concerts of the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY are to commence this season on the 16th of March. Signor Costa is no longer the society's conductor. It is understood that the engagement for the season was offered him as usual, but unexpectedly declined, on the alleged ground of the state of his health; though he seems to be pursuing his professional avocations without any abatement of activity. This unlooked-for disappointment has of course considerably embarrassed the directors, who have been for some time past anxiously endeavouring to find a competent successor—a most difficult task which, it appears, has not yet been accomplished.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY have announced that their concerts are to commence in February. They are to return to Exeter-hall, their original locale, instead of St. Martin's-hall, where the concerts took place last year. The first two concerts are to be conducted by M. Hector Berlioz, the remaining four by Dr. Wylde.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN has announced two lectures, to be delivered at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, on the 9th and 16th of this month: the first, "On the Ancient Keyed-Stringed Instruments which Preceded and Originated the Pianoforte;" the second, "On the Invention and Development of the Pianoforte." These are curious and interesting subjects, to which Mr. Salaman, by his learning and attainments, is well qualified to do justice. His first lecture, we observe, is to be illustrated by actual performance of specimens of the music of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, on the very instruments for which they were composed, the virginal (Queen Elizabeth's favourite instrument), the spinet, and the harpsichord. In the second lecture Mr. Salaman will be able, we believe, to throw light, by newly-discovered evidence, on the disputed question of the invention of the pianoforte, and to trace the progressive improvements which have gradually produced the magnificent instrument we now possess.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION, MILE-END-ROAD.—The second concert of the season took place on Wednesday, January 3, the room being crowded to excess. The principal vocalists engaged were Mlle. Clara Novello, Miss Messent, and Mlle. Julie Mouat; Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Bolton, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Sims Reeves; with Mr. Frank Mori as conductor. Mlle. Novello's fine pure voice told admirably in Verdi's aria, "Erani involami;" she also sang a new song, by Hutton, "How proudly they'll hear this at home," and "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Mr. Sims Reeves was unrivalled in "Fra-Poco"—managing his voice with rare skill, and displaying a *chiaroscuro* to be heard only in great artists. He also, with Mlle. Novello, created a *furore* in Verdi's duet from Rigoletto, "E il sol dell'anima," and was rapturously encored in Charles Mackay's new patriotic song, "Strew roses," set to music by Frank Mori, and which we may venture to augur will become before long a household tune. Miss Messent, Mr. Farquharson, and Mr. Montem Smith gave great satisfaction in the pieces allotted to them.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.—On Monday a new drama was produced. It is by Mr. Dion Bourcault, and entitled "Eugénie." It is of the class of pieces denominated *petite*; and to which a certain amount of lenity is expected to be shown, on account of the limits to which the action is confined. The rapidity with which the story is developed in this brief domestic drama, and a climax of distress accumulated on the heroine, was not in exact accordance with the taste of the audience; who, in one short act, could not understand how *George Turpin* (Mr. Belton) could pass from one mistress to another, and accomplish a marriage with the second, just at the moment that he was to have elected it with the first. Miss Marriott performed *Eugénie*, the deserted lady, and it would appear that the scenes were contrived to exhibit the special capacity of the actress. She certainly has a degree of pathos and an emphatic kind of elocution that is not altogether ineffective; but the force that she manifests is at present in a provincial state, and "requires much castigation, exercise, devotion," before it can be so reduced in quantity and improved in quality as to command the suffrages of a metropolitan audience. The house was exceedingly well attended.

PRINCESS.—Mr. C. Kean appeared on Wednesday night, for the first time this season, in *Hamlet*—a character which he has long since made his own—and in which he stands unrivalled amongst living artists. The house, as might have been expected on such an occasion, was crowded in every quarter soon after the doors opened. There is much to occupy the public mind at present of a more grave character than mere amusement; the performance that commands such powerful attraction at such a moment proclaims its own strength, and speaks a volume of criticism on its inherent merit. Mr. C. Kean, by time and study, has improved on his original vigour and elegance in this great part, and was applauded with as much enthusiasm in all the most striking passages as during his first successful career at Drury-lane, in 1839. The tragedy was well played throughout. Miss Heath was a highly-interesting *Ophelia*, while Mr. Ryder and Mrs. Phillips imparted the importance so often wanted when inferior actors are placed in the characters of the *King* and *Queen*. Mr. W. Lacy made a most impressive and majestic *Ghost*.

ROYAL MARIONETTE.—A troop of well-trained dogs and monkeys is performing here with great success; and their imitations of humanity are surprisingly close.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Lady Raglan and family visited the diorama of the events of the war on Saturday last. The following distinguished and fashionable visitors have also honoured the above diorama with their presence:—viz., the Duchess of Argyll, Marquis of Lorn and family, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose and party; his Excellency the Count Walewski, the French Ambassador, accompanied by the Countess of Walewska; the Earl of Erroll, Earl of Carlisle, the Marquis of Winchester, the Countess of Bathurst and party, Lord Stairford, Lord and Lady Poltimore and party, Azemullah Khan, Lord Ranelagh, Lady Brougham and party, &c.

THE BONMAHON INFANT, INDUSTRIAL, AND RAGGED SCHOOLS, WATERFORD.—In February last we called the attention of our readers to these schools, which have lately received a mark of Royal patronage, by her Majesty having graciously accepted a beautifully-bound copy of Dr. Gill's "Commentary on the Scriptures," which was printed at the schools. It comprises six thick royal octavo volumes, and contains 40,000 letters, which were "set" or put together by little Irish boys. 2250 sets were printed, comprising in the whole 1,999 volumes, for which nearly 900,000 sheets of paper were required. The whole was accomplished in a most remote village, and under the greatest possible disadvantages; and, although the boys were liberally paid from the fifth week of their entrance, the undertaking left a surplus of £500, which the founder (the Curate of the parish, the Rev. D. A. Doudney), has devoted to the erection of a glebe-house for the clergyman. On Tuesday week a Christmas feast of soup, beef, and plum-pudding, was given to the children of the Infant and Embroidery Schools. Upwards of seventy sat down to dinner, all newly clad, the clothes of the latter being the fruits of their own labour. In the evening tea was provided for nearly the same number of the printing-boys and the parochial school children. These schools are altogether a striking proof of what may be accomplished under the greatest possible difficulties.

SINGULAR BEQUEST.—Captain Elias, a well-known teacher of gymnastics, not only in France and Switzerland, but in England, having been professor at most of the large public establishments of this country, died lately at Berne, where he lived in comfortable retirement. He has left to that city several considerable sums for pious purposes, under the condition that his skeleton should be exhibited in the Cabinet of Natural History of Berne, as a palpable confirmation of the benediction of gymnastics (*turn-kunst*) on the human body.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

VIATOR.—You will find an excellent little Chess-club at Leamington. President, Rev. J. H. Smith; Vice-President, the Rev. W. Temple. The Club-rooms are at No. 4, Upper Parade, OXONIAN.—We had not the pleasure of hearing Mr. Capper's Lecture on Chess at Crosby Hall; but are glad to learn from such good authority that the subject had interest enough, in the hands of the accomplished lecturer, to entertain a numerous and intelligent auditory for some hours.

H. F.—The most complete Treatise on Odds at Chess is that in Carrera's work, of which a very good translation was made by Mr. Lewis, some years back. Carrera touches upon every well-known description of Odds, and upon an infinity of others, which not one player in a hundred ever heard of. He would seem indeed to have exhausted the subject; but the Rev. H. Bolton, to whose ingenuity we are indebted for some of the most masterly Chess Problems ever published, has submitted to us a kind of Odds which even Carrera was unacquainted with. This novelty consists in the first player agreeing not to give check to his adversary until, with check, he gives checkmate. These odds Mr. Bolton estimates as about equal to giving the Queen.

J. T. C.—We have received a copy of the poem entitled "Chess," published by Harrison, of Pall-mall, and when less pressed for space intend to notice it. Meantime we can have no hesitation, notwithstanding its frequent blemishes in expression, and many defects in versification, in commending this "Poem" to the attention of our readers as the production of an elegant and thoughtful mind.

AMATEUR.—The most editorial grand Chess Tourney in Paris direct to the Committee, under cover to M. de Rivière, Hon. Sec. of the Paris Cercle des Echecs. It is impossible for us at this moment to find room for them in *extenso*.

BOOKWORM.—To the allusions to Chess in writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which you adduce, we could add several. For the moment we must be content in pointing out two in an author whom you name as one of those who never refer to the game. If you will look again at Chap. xii, Book II, of Warner's "Albion's England," you cannot miss—

"Yea could she not so give the checke
But that she took the mate."

Again, in Chap. xxviii, Book V., you will find—

"Of villains, of knaves, clowns, and knaves,
That checkmate durst to brag."

J. A. M., Fakenham; J. P. Dalton; and F. T. Derby, are wrong in supposing Mate can be effected in Problem No. 564, by the *modus operandi* they suggest. The only course is that traced out in our Solution.

M. F., of C.—The notice to "Black and White" was not addressed to you, but to a Correspondent who adopted that signature. Your Problem is too simple even for the most tyro.

F. T. Derby.—They shall be examined.

F. R., of Norwich.—If in Problem No. 564, White play 1. B takes Kt, then Black, by playing P to Q 4th, becoming a Q, renders Mate impracticable in five moves.

J. P.—Your analysis of No. 564 is defective. At move four of your Third Variation Black plays Kt, takes B P, and escapes.

E. G. K. L., Manchester.—In the situation you show there is nothing whatever to prevent Black playing his Pawn on. He may either march forward, stand still, or take the adverse Pawn.

G. F. C.—There is no such term in use among Chess-players. Perhaps you mean "a back game;" that is a game which, being finished, is taken up from some particular point, and played out again for the amusement or satisfaction of the competitors.

E. B. C., Hoboken.—Yes, there is an edition, published in 1852, which is obtainable in London.

VON H. A. J.—A reply has been forwarded by post.

DE R., of Paris.—We shall be glad to receive a prospectus and a full report of the doings at the last general meeting.

SUBSCRIBER.—The Annual Meeting of the Provincial Chess Association will take place, we believe, in May, at Leamington, in Warwickshire.

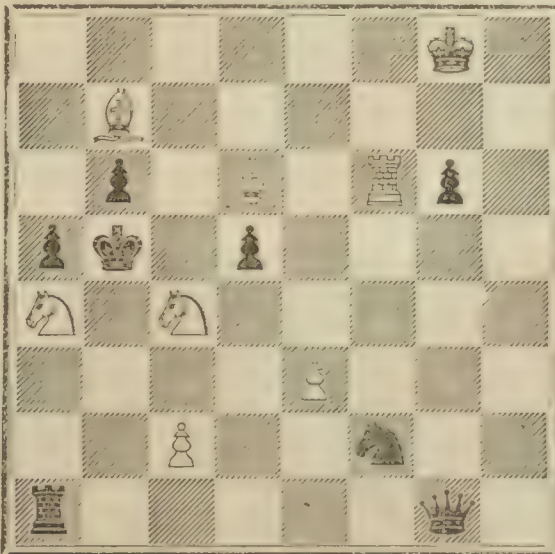
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 567, by J. P., of Dalton; Derevon; M. F., of C.; I. J., of Hanworth; F. R., of Norwich; J. A. M., Fakenham; F. T. Derby; W. C. C., E. H., are correct.

SOLUTIONS OF ENIGMAS, by Derevon; F. R., of Norwich; G. F. C., of W. C. C.; M. F., of C.; D. D., Verona; St. A., Perseus; Miles, Otho, Inkerman, E. H., are correct.

PROBLEM NO. 568.

By Mr. H. TURTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White, playing first, mates in three moves.

CHESS IN THE METROPOLIS.

The following Game forms part of a little Match played between Mr. Staunton and Mr. Brien; Mr. S. giving in each the odds of the Pawn and two Moves.

(Remove White's K B Pawn from the Board.)

| Black (Mr. B.) | White (Mr. S.) | Black (Mr. B.) | White (Mr. S.) |
|----------------------|--------------------|------------------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 3rd | 15. Kt takes Kt (ch) | Q takes Kt |
| 2. P to Q 4th | B to Q Kt 5th (ch) | 16. P takes P | Q to Q 4th (c) |
| 3. P to Q B 4th | K Kt to K 2nd | 17. Q R to K sq | Q R to K B sq |
| 4. Q Kt to Q B 3rd | K Kt to K 5th | 18. Q R to K 2nd | K R to K B 5th |
| 5. Q B to K Kt 5th | Castles | | (d) |
| 6. K Kt to K B 3rd | P to Q Kt 3rd | 19. Q to K Kt 6th | Q to Q 3rd |
| 7. K B to Q 3rd | P to Q 3rd | 20. Q to K R 7th (ch) | K to B 2nd |
| 8. Castles | B takes Q Kt | | (e) |
| 9. P takes B | Q Kt to Q 2nd | 21. B to K Kt 6th (ch) | K to his 2nd |
| 10. P to K 5th | B to Q Kt 2nd | 22. Q takes Kt P (ch) | K to Q sq |
| 11. Kt to K R 5th | P to K R 3rd | 23. B to K 4th (f) | Q takes P |
| 12. Q to K R 5th (a) | P takes K P (b) | 24. Q R to Q 2nd (ch) | K to B sq |
| 13. Kt to K Kt 6th | Kt to K B 3rd | 25. B takes B (ch) | K takes B |
| 14. B takes Kt | R takes B | | |

The game from this point, with steady play on both sides, would, probably, have been drawn; but Mr. Brien unfortunately committed a *faut pas*, and lost one of his Rooks, which, of course, decided the battle.

(a) The obvious course of play here is for Black to take the Kt, and then plant his own Kt at Kt 6th; but, as the following Variations show, that line leads to many complications, at the end of which it is doubtful whether White has not quite as good a game as his adversary. For example:—

12. B takes Kt Q takes P
13. Kt to K Kt 6th Q to K Kt 4th
14. P to Q 5th (best) K R to K B 4th
15. P to K Kt 4th (best) Kt to Q B 4th

(The only move, we believe, by which White is enabled to "hold his own.")

Instead of this move, White may take the Kt with his Queen, or take the Q P with his R P; the results of which it may be well to demonstrate before proceeding with the main Variation. Suppose then:

15. Q takes Kt In the first place:— Q to K 2nd
16. P takes K P Q takes K P 17. B takes R
And White has evidently a bad game.

15. P takes Q In the second place:— Q takes P
16. Kt to K 7th (ch) Q takes Kt 17. K P takes P
And again White is at a disadvantage.

16. Kt to K 7th (ch) (best) Q takes Kt 18. K to R sq K P takes Q P
17. P takes R (best) Q to K Kt 4th (ch) 19. P to K B 3rd
(He may also play "Q B P takes K P" first, and then P to K B 3rd; but without any material advantage to his game.)

19. Q to K 6th Q takes K P
20. B to K 2nd

And now, as White must win another Pawn and has a fine free game with all his pieces in play, we should take his side for choice.

(b) It is almost needless to remark, that by taking the Bishop he would have lost the game in three moves.

(c) This was refining over much, and ought to have lost the game. The plain and simple course was to play the Queen to K 2nd, and then, from Black having two Pawns doubled, and the one on his Q Rook's file almost indefensible, White would have had at least as good a game as his opponent.

(d) This enables Black to take the square he wished, but White had no better move left.

(e) At this crisis Black deliberated for some time whether to give the check or play his R to Q 2nd; and, unluckily for him, chose the wrong move. Had he placed the Rook at Q 2nd, it would have cost White the exchange at the very least.

(f) Played apparently under the misconception that White must take it with the Rook, which would have been immediately fatal to him, or, at the best, have cost him a clear piece.

CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 905.—By E. B. C., of Hoboken, United States.

White: K at Q 4th; P at K B 7th, K 4th, and Q B 7th.

Black: K at K 3rd, P at K 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 906.—By the same Composer.

White: K at Q 4th, B at K Kt 5th; P at K R 4th, K B 7th, K 7th, and Q Kt 6th.

Black: K at Q 3rd; P at K Kt 2nd and 3rd, and Q Kt 2nd.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 907.—By Herr Capraz.

White: K at K B sq, Q at Q B sq, R at K 6th, Kt at Q B 3rd, P at Q R 2nd.

Black: K at Q Kt 5th, P at Q 6th and Q Kt 2nd.

White to play and mate in three moves.

THE LATE DR. ROUTH, PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE President of Magdalen, whose death we recorded last week, had entered on his hundredth year, having been born 15th September, 1755. The departure of the venerable Doctor will revive old memories of times and men long passed away. Dr. Routh had known Dr. Theophilus Leigh, the contemporary of Addison; had seen Dr. Johnson "in his brown wig, scrambling up the steps of University College;" and had been told by a lady of her aunt who had been present when Charles II. walked round the parks at Oxford. Dr. Routh was the connecting link between the last and the present centuries. His father, the Rev. Peter Routh, was instituted to the Rectory of St. Margaret's Church, South Elmham, Beccles, Suffolk, in 1753, and became Master of the Grammar-school, Beccles, in 1774.

In 1770 Martin John Routh matriculated at Oxford; and, about 1785, being Senior Proctor of the University, officially attended an entertainment given to George III. and Queen Charlotte, on their visit to Oxford. In 1791, on the resignation of Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, the well-known commentator on the Psalms, he was elected President of Magdalen, and continued to fill that honourable post until the time of his death—a period of sixty-three years, during which he admitted 183 fellows, 234 demies, and 162 choristers. Amongst his numerous friends may be especially mentioned Dr. Parr, Porson, Dr. Maitby, Sir Francis Burdett, and William Windham. The fruits of Dr. Routh's learned life do not afford a fair estimate of the immense extent of his reading and knowledge. In 1814 and 1815 appeared his "Reliquiae Sacrae"—a laborious compilation, highly eulogised by Dr. Parr; in 1823 his edition of "Burnet's History of his own Times;" and in 1852 his annotated impression of the same author's "Reign of James II."

In 1810 he became Rector of Tychehurst, near Reading. Here he enjoyed the vacation allowed him by the statutes of his College; and here, in 1820, he married Eliza-Agnes, daughter of John Blagrove, Esq., of Calcot Park, in that neighbourhood. Dr. Routh had the courteous manners of the old school; and he bound every friend to him by his paternal kindness, his warmth of heart, and the accomplishments of his well-stored mind. His memory will long be cherished by the educated society of this country.

Dr. Routh had maintained an immediate and personal connection with the University of Oxford for upwards of eighty years; and his long life supplied many instructive links between the present and the past.

He was born in the reign of King George II., before the beginning of the Seven Years' War, before India was conquered by Clive, or Canada by Wolfe, before the United States ever dreamt of independence, and before Pitt had impressed the greatness of his own character on the policy of Britain. The life of this college student comprehended three great epochs—three periods of prodigious importance to the interests of humanity and the history of the world. Martin Routh saw the last years of the old state of society which introduced the political deluge; he saw the deluge itself—the great French Revolution, with all its catastrophes of thrones and opinions; and he lived to see the more silent but not less striking changes which forty years of peace engendered. Perhaps, however, the very magnitude of the view precluded any comprehensive survey; and indeed it is not a little striking to read of such a man—of a man who had lived through the most astonishing events of recent history—that the times on which his thoughts chiefly dwelt were those of the Stuarts! It seems as if the traditions of Oxford which he found when he entered made an impression on his mind beyond the power of succeeding events to efface, and as if he recurred to what he had learnt from his early contemporaries and his predecessors, in preference to imbibing new ideas from the scenes of his manhood and his age. The truth is, perhaps, that when the days of revolution arrived they found him beyond the age at which external scenes prove most impressive. He was past his youth before even the last generation commenced, and his ideas had already been formed from the associations of a still earlier period. The peculiar nature of his office and his abode, conducted, no doubt, to the result. If any of his early associates were men of advanced age, they could have spoken of such times from their own recollections; nor is it altogether surprising that a man should talk about the Stuarts who might himself have shaken hands with the Pretender. This Prince did not die till young Routh was ten years of age; so that, if accident had put the chance in his way, he might easily have had an interview with the representative of James II. Rarely indeed is it that we meet, under any circumstances, with the example of so protracted a life as that which has just now terminated; but the instance becomes still more striking when, as in the present case, studious habits, literary connections, great opportunities, and unfailing faculties are combined with a length of days so far above the common lot.—*Times*.

The funeral of the President of Magdalen took place on the 30th ult., at twelve o'clock, and was in solemnity, impressiveness, and largeness of attendance, all that such a funeral could have been expected to have been. The procession, headed by the Vice-President and the Bishop of Oxford, who preceded the coffin, which was followed by the relatives and friends, took up, as it passed the entrance to the College Hall, the Fellows, Demies, and other members of the College, with the choristers and choir, and moved down two sides of the cloister of the quadrangle, the choir singing the opening sentences of the service. On entering the choir of the chapel it divided, and stood round the altar on both sides. The grave was immediately before the altar, on the north and south sides of which stood the Bishop of Oxford and the Vice-President, who read the service, the choir chanting the opening psalms, and singing the musical parts. The long rows of chapel lights showed the stalls of the Fellows and other seats in the Chapel occupied by the family and friends of the President, and a large attendance from the University, while below the altar lights was the open grave, surrounded by the Fellows of the College in their surplices and funeral scarfs. But the true solemnity of the scene was derived less from its outward funeral honours than from the deep feeling with which so many generations of the Society of Magdalen stood watching the consignment to the vault of the last remains of one who had been so long a father and a friend; joined with the consciousness which every one of that large body had of the thoughts, contemplations, and recollections which were passing through the mind of any other. It was a scene of which the impressions can never wear away from the mind of any one who was present. The singing was most striking and effective, especially that which accompanied the procession through the cloister, which had that exquisitely solemn but piercing character which belongs to the highest order of funeral music. The Bishop, at the conclusion, gave the benediction, the congregation kneeling.

Through the obliging aid of Mr. Joseph Skelton, we are enabled to engrave the accompanying Portrait of the late President, who kindly consented to sit for a Photograph on his hundredth birthday. From this Photograph, a beautiful picture, by Mr. Robert Faulkner, has been finished, and is now in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Bloxam, Fellow and Bursar of Magdalen College. We have copied our Portrait from this picture, which Mr. Skelton intends to carry out into a highly-finished Engraving.

LECTURE IN THE GREAT HALL OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

THIS fine apartment has lately been appropriated to a two-fold national object of great interest and attraction—the delivery of two Lectures upon the National Flags of England, in aid of the Patriotic Fund. Our Artist has sketched the Hall as it appeared on Friday week.

The northern side of the central quadrangle of the Royal Palace of Hampton Court is occupied by the Great Hall, a noble apartment, of the time of Cardinal Wolsey, which is approached by a broad flight of steps leading upward from under the arched passage between the first and second quadrangles of the building. The Hall itself is 106 feet in length, 40 feet wide, and in height 60 feet—proportions which produce upon the spectator very powerful impressions of grandeur and also of symmetry. A series of large and lofty perpendicular Gothic windows surround the Hall, along both its sides, and also at either end; and, in addition to these, at the south-eastern angle, a fine oriel completes this *beau-ideal* of a Gothic Hall. The windows have all been recently filled with glass by Mr. Williment: the whole being of an heraldic character, which harmonises well with the edifice, and has been most skillfully adjusted to its historical character and associations. The roof is an elaborate specimen of hammer-beam and tracery construction; and unquestionably may be pronounced one of the most impressive compositions in this style. At the western extremity of the Hall is the Minstrel's Gallery, of carved wainscot; while towards the east, from a side of a single step, an arched doorway leads into the Withdrawing Room, about 71 feet in length, 30 feet in breadth, and 25 feet in height. The ceiling of this fine room is flat, and ornamented with late Gothic panel-work in plaster, with pendants, &c.

The north, south, and east walls of the Great Hall are covered with tapestry, in eight compartments, and representing the History of Abraham. Above the doorway at the east end of the Hall, upon a boldly projecting bracket, stands a figure of St. George, in plate armour, in the act of piercing the dragon, which lies writhing at his feet. On either side of the patron saint of "merrie England," each upon a separate bracket, is a figure of a man-at-arms. A trophy of armour, weapons, and banners, appears above the gallery at the opposite end of the Hall. At each of the four angles is a banner, bearing either the Royal Arms of King Henry VIII., or the same Royal Arms, impaling



THE LATE REV. DR. ROUTH.—FROM A DRAWING BY R. FAULKNER.
(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

the paternal Arms of Queen Jane Seymour; and from each of the corbels which carry the pendant-posts and hammer-braces of the roof there projects a banner charged with the armorial insignia of Wolsey, or of some one of the Sees and other high preferments which he held. Stags' heads, with the noble antlers of either the red deer or the elk, with a few spears and other weapons, interspersed amongst a rich profusion of the heraldic devices of the House of Tudor, complete the decorative accessories of this truly magnificent Old English Hall.

During the reign of Elizabeth and James I this Hall was occasionally used for theatrical exhibitions; and there is a tradition that here the first performance of some of Shakspeare's plays took place. It was again fitted up as a theatre in the time of George I.; but since October 16th, 1731 (on which occasion a play was performed for the entertain-

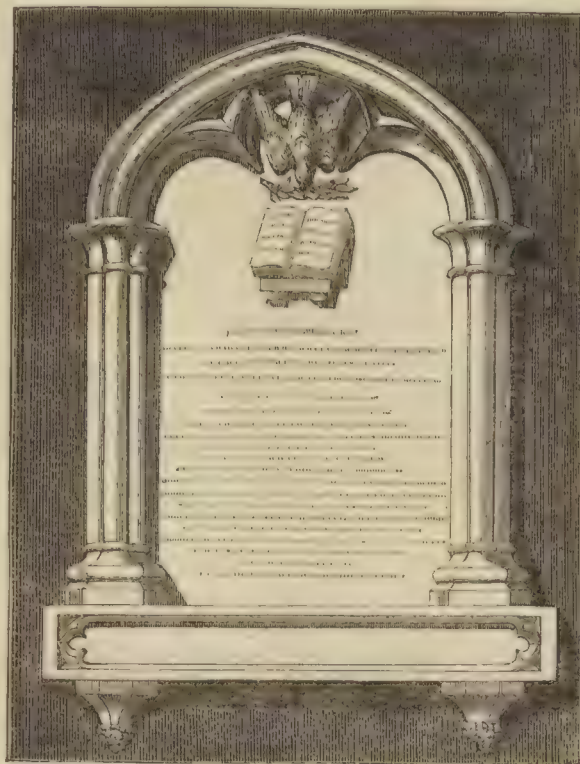
ment of the Duke of Louvaine, afterwards Emperor of Germany), the Hall has never been used, with one single exception only, until the two lectures, which, with the special sanction of her Majesty the Queen, have recently been given in it by the Rev. Charles Boutell, in aid of the Patriotic Fund. The exception which we have noticed has reference to the use of the Hall for the purpose of parochial worship during the two years (commencing in 1829) in which the present parish church of Hampton was in the course of erection.

The fine effect of the Hall when filled with a numerous assemblage, and its admirable adaptation both for military music and also for speaking, lead us to hope that it may in time to come be granted for at least occasional use. Possibly, at a more genial season in the coming spring, the claims of the "Patriotic Fund" may again gather together a crowded audience to hear another lecture on the "War," under the aspect which it will then have assumed; or, far better still, perchance the re-establishment of peace may furnish a more welcome subject to the lecturer on the war, and may be the means of attracting a numerous assemblage within the walls of Wolsey's Hall.

After some general remarks on the origin of heraldic devices and cognizances, the lecturer gave an account of Flags and Banners mentioned in Holy Writ, and found amongst sculptures at Nineveh and Egypt; then passed on to notice reference to their Standards by Greek authors, with a more complete description (Illustrated) of Military Ensigns of Romans. Thence, passing on to the "Middle Ages," he described the "Pennons," "Banners," and "Standards" then in use, and pointed out their distinctive peculiarities. The difference between the Royal Banner and the National Banner of England was traced from the earliest period. The Banners of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick were described:—The first composition a "Union" Flag, by command of James I., 1606, with the subsequent incorporation of the Banner of Ireland in 1801, were fully described, and copiously illustrated, and the term "Union Jack" explained. The "Standards" now in use by our cavalry and the "Colours" of our infantry were also minutely described; as were the "Ensigns" used at sea, with the Flags and Pendants of our Admirals and other officers in command of her Majesty's ships, and also with the Flags of the Admiralty, the Trinity-house, the Ordnance, the City of London, &c; the whole being traced historically, from their earliest forms to their present condition. The lecture concluded with some remarks upon the symbolical nature of Flags, and their various associations; and reference was continually made to the gallant conduct of our countrymen in arms in the Crimea, under the "National Flags of England;" and, finally, the lecturer, pointed to the Red Cross in our National Flag as the symbol of that high and pure faith which should animate us in all things, and constitute our guiding, our inspiring, and controlling principle, and which we are bound to spread abroad to others, whithersoever our Flag is borne, as to cherish and realise it in and for ourselves.

MONUMENT TO A CHAPLAIN ACCOMPANYING THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

THIS Tablet has just been erected in Christ Church, Watney-street, Commercial-road East, by the clergy, churchwardens, and congregation, as an affectionate token of their regard for the memory of the Rev. George Mockler, who, after having officiated as Curate of the above church for seven years, went out last spring as Chaplain to the Army in the East. He joined the Third Division at Galata, near Varna; and, amongst other arduous clerical duties, administered the Holy Communion to the officers and men of that Division on that solemn occasion when they met for the last service before embarking for Sebastopol. The Rev. Mr. Mockler accompanied the troops to the Crimea, was present at the battle of the Alma, attended to the wounded, and buried the greater part of the English who fell in that



MONUMENT TO THE REV. MR. MOCKLER, JUST ERECTED IN CHRIST CHURCH, WATNEY-STREET.

engagement. He then marched with his Division to Balaclava on foot, and was, with the rest of the army, exposed for many days and nights to the inclemency of the weather, without tent, or any covering except a blanket. This exposure, coupled with his overwhelming official duties, proved too much for his physical energies, and he died of exhaustion and fatigue shortly after his arrival at Balaclava. The Tablet bears the following inscription:—

Erected to the memory of the Reverend George Mockler, M.A., formerly Curate of this church, and late Chaplain attached to the Third Division of the British Army, in alliance with France and Turkey, engaged against Russia in active warfare. He had endeared himself during a ministry of seven years to his late congregation, who have raised this memorial of their attachment and esteem. The zeal evinced by him for the welfare of the dying, sick, and wounded, after the battle of Alma, so enervated his physical energies, that he sank under the heavy labour imposed upon his exhausted nature. He died on the 2nd day of October, 1854, in the 34th year of his age. His remains were interred upon the heights of Sebastopol.



LECTURE UPON FLAGS, DELIVERED BY THE REV. MR. BOUTELL, IN THE GREAT HALL, HAMPTON COURT.



WEST-STREET, IN D'URBAN.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.

NATAL.

(From a Correspondent.)

Now that fleets and armies are rushing, in your part of the world, to the sanguinary fight, cannot you find a place for a more quiet scene, taken from the middle of our West-street in D'Urban?

Natal has passed through the ordeal to which all young colonies are in the beginning of their career subjected, and is now emerging from her

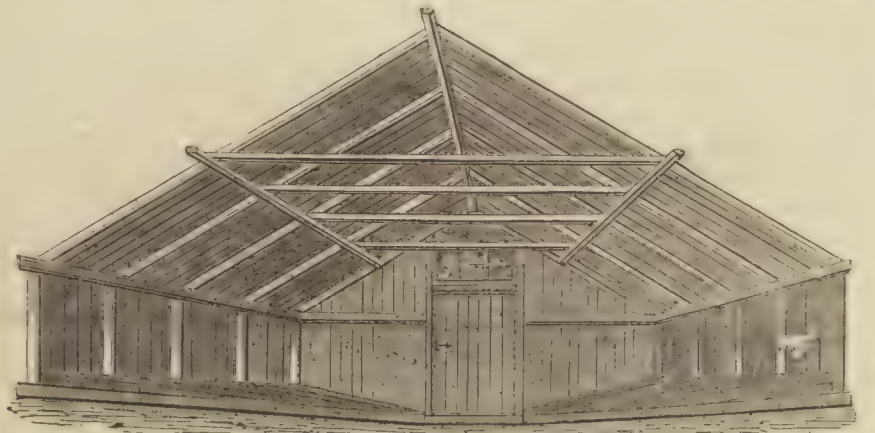
state of trial into circumstances of prosperity. The system of cultivation which the emigrants at this place pursued at the commencement of their colonial life has given way to the cultivation of the sugar-cane, the coffee-tree, and other tropical productions; and the results are of a most encouraging character. Sugar is produced equal to any from the West Indies or the Brazils, and before long you will see Natal sugar supplanting much of that which is now sent to the London market from other parts of the world.

At the time of writing this letter (July) our coffee-trees are bearing fruit, and anticipations of no visionary kind are beginning to bless the often-daunted but never-defeated enterprises of the English settler. We have lately had a legislative reform in the country, which is now divided into counties or districts, each having its own Council. Boroughs have been formed, and Corporations called into existence; and, as a consequence, society is become more stable.

From ignorance of the climate and capabilities of the soil, and the



OFFICERS' BARRACKS.



PRIVATES' HUT, SHOWING INCLINED SLEEPING-FLOOR

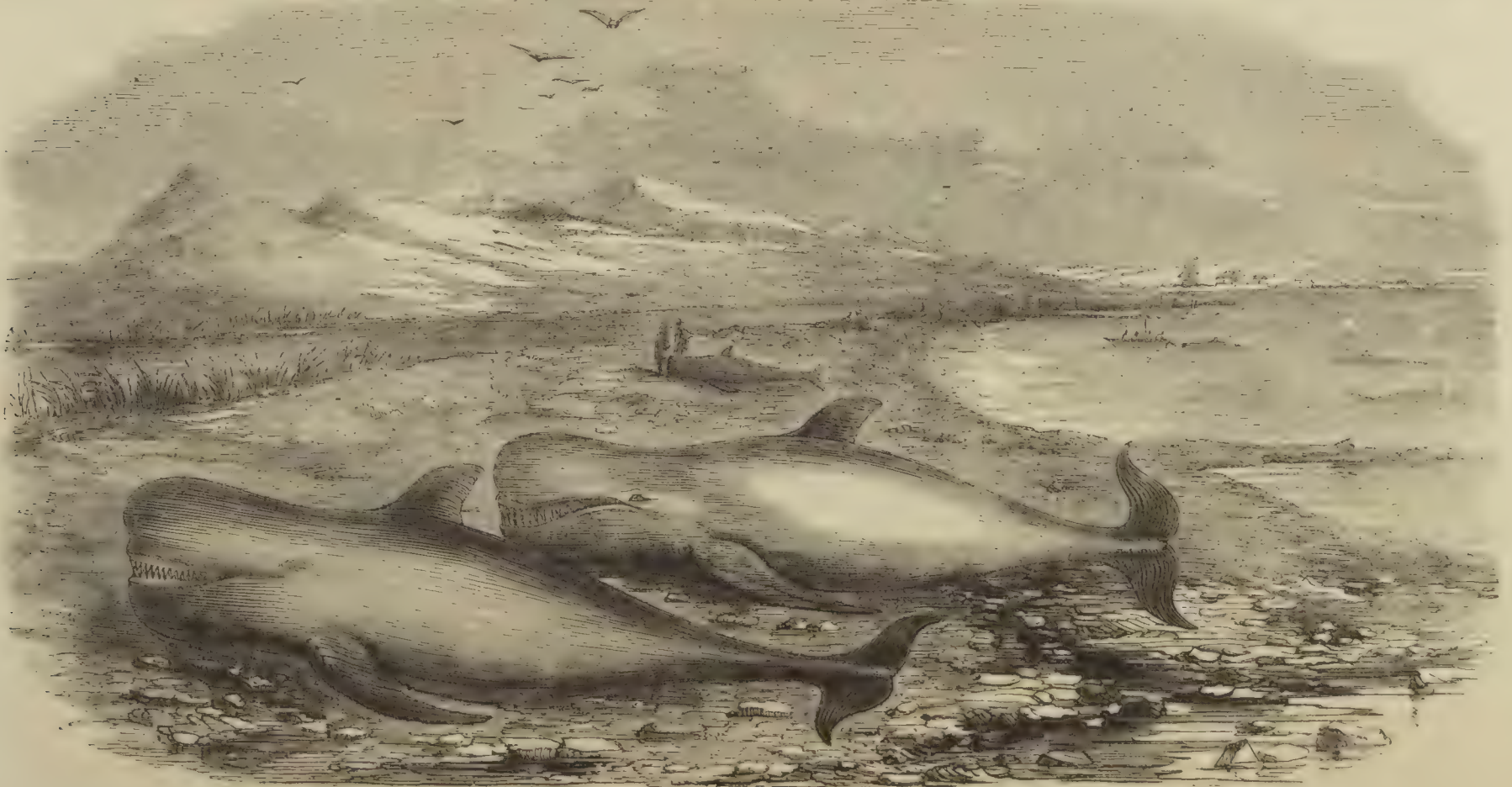
FRENCH PORTABLE PAVILION BARRACKS, DESIGNED BY HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

SHOAL OF WHALES IN THE SOLWAY FIRTH.

misfortunes arising out of that ignorance, a large amount of prejudice has existed against Natal. The ignorance dissipated, the prejudice has been removed with it; and now many are actually re-emigrating from golden Australia to this place; the salubrious nature of our climate being more essential to their health and happiness than the gold of the country.

WE this week give an illustration showing some of the *Delphini* recently captured on the coast of Cumberland from one of the most extraordinary shoals of *Cetacea* ever known to visit our shores. They were first seen by some fishermen in the Irish Sea, on Saturday, 16th December; when it

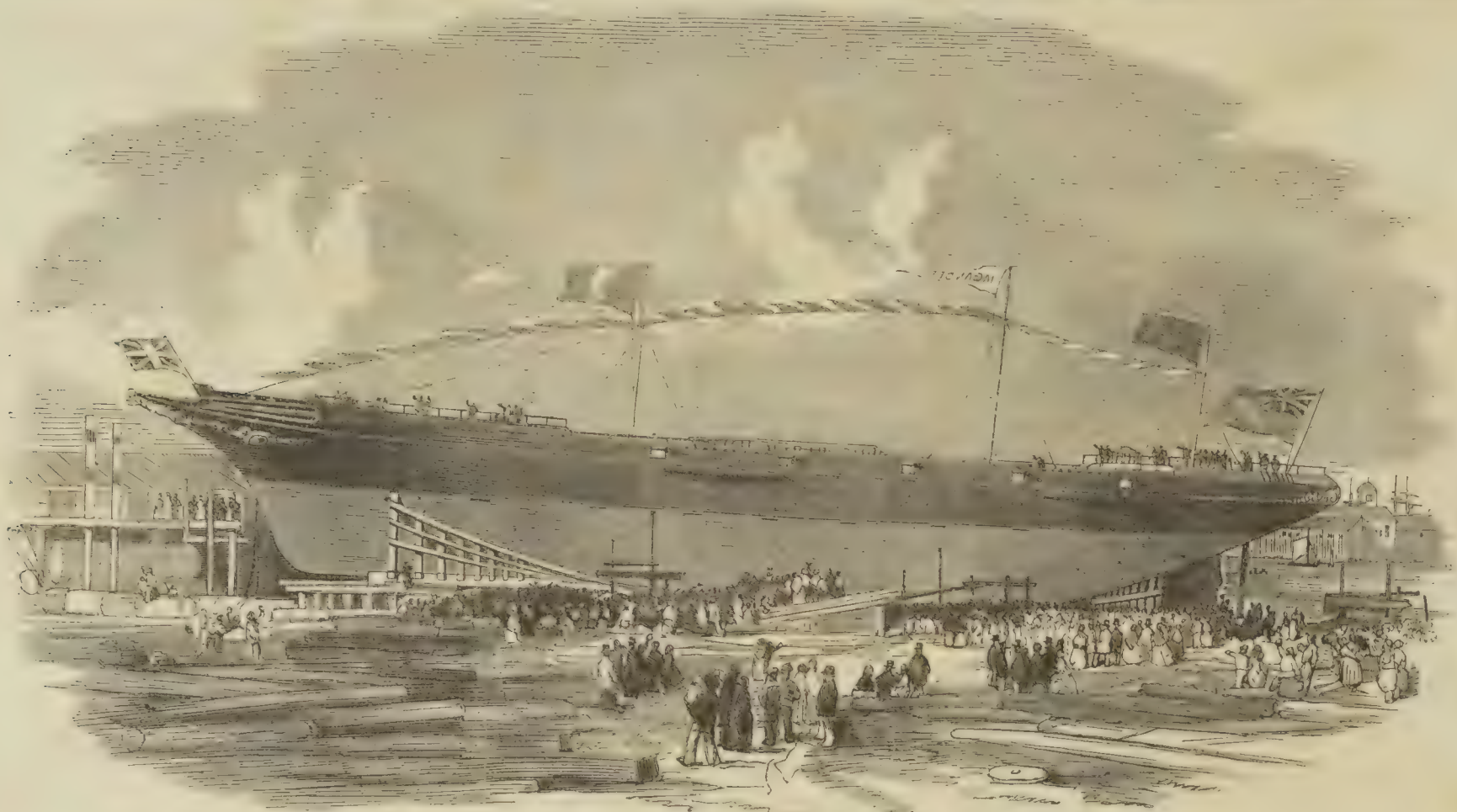
was evident that they were out of their reckoning, as they lay floundering about on the surface of the water in a state of great exhaustion. On the following day they were brought by the tide to the mouth of the Solway Firth, and their numbers and magnitude were then more clearly ascertained. As far as the eye could reach, these huge black creatures were to be seen rolling about in the sea, and spouting out great columns of water. The



SHOAL OF WHALES IN THE SOLWAY FIRTH.

IMPROVED COLOURED SHIRTS, in all

High Power 1st Stage and 1st Power Compressor Load 8
 Section and Co., London



LAUNCH OF "THE MEANDER," FROM THE CLIFTON WORKS, BRISTOL.—(SEE PAGE 14.)

(Continued from page 14.)

The "pièce de résistance" (as Jullien himself called it in his programme) of the concert was the "Allied Armies Quadrille," which was received with the usual manifestations of patriotic enthusiasm.

There was also a new quadrille of a comic kind, called the "Pantomime

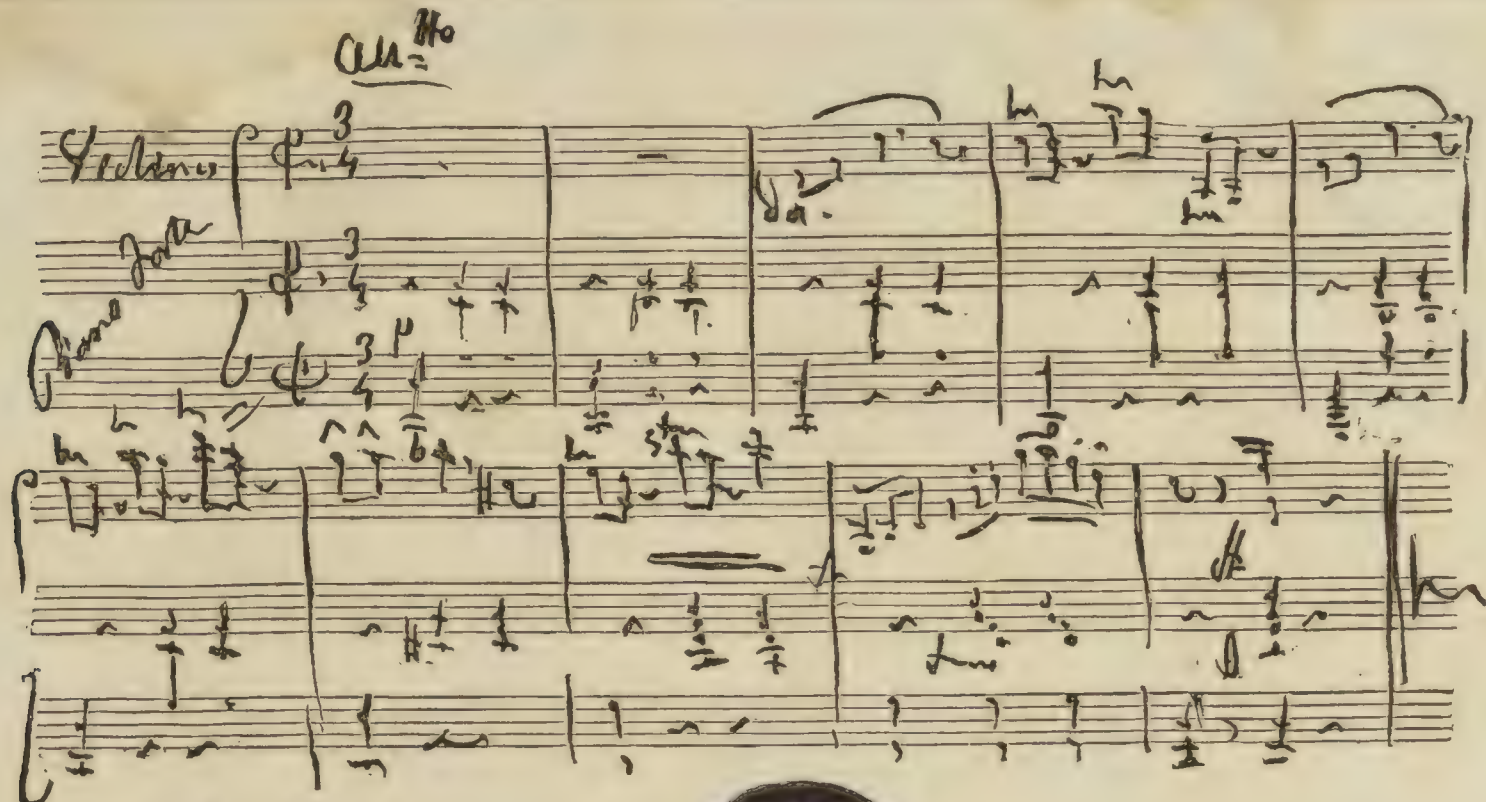
Quadrille," in which a number of popular and cockney tunes, such as "Little Bo-Peep," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Boys and Girls come out to play, &c.," are introduced, and treated with great ingenuity and excellent effect. There were also orchestral movements of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer's overture to "Struensee," songs by Madame

Anna Thillon, and some pretty dance music, in the shape of waltzes and polkas.

The appearance of Herr Ernst, the great violinist, is announced; and also Madame Pleyel's performance of one of Mendelssohn's concertos. These, and other novelties, we shall have occasion to notice next week.



M. JULLIEN'S CONCERT, AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT-GARDEN.



Zingara 15 Dec 1853

MADAME BORGHİ MAMO.

THIS lady is at present the chief object of attraction at the Paris Italian Opera, and is, undoubtedly, the most remarkable dramatic singer of the day. There is reason to expect that she will appear at our Royal Italian Opera in the course of the approaching season; a few words, therefore, respecting her career may be acceptable to our musical readers. Her voice is a contralto—a species of organ which is rarely found in a high degree of excellence, and still more rarely accompanied with genius and musical acquirements. On the Italian stage, consequently, it is always a desideratum. The last great dramatic contralto who has been heard in London was Alboni; and, since her retirement, many fine parts have either been most inadequately supported or laid aside altogether. But these parts have been now revived by Madame Borghi Mamo, with an *écclat* hardly, if at all, surpassed by the triumphs of her gifted predecessor.

Madame Borghi Mamo is about five-and-twenty. Her biography is little more than a series of successes, constantly increasing.

Adelaide Borghi was born at Bologna, or in its neighbourhood. Her family were neither musical nor in affluent circumstances, so that she grew towards womanhood with scarcely any musical instruction. But she had received from nature those precious gifts which instruction (though it can improve them) cannot give. It happened, when she was about fifteen, that she was taken to a musical party in Bologna, where she contributed to the entertainment of the evening by singing an air from Vaccai's "Romeo e Giulietta," with so much sweetness and feeling that she attracted the notice of Madame Festa, the distinguished contralto singer, who was so charmed with her artless talent that she embraced her warmly, foretold that she would one day be a great artist, and undertook the charge of her musical education. Two years afterwards she made her debut at Urbino in the "Giuramento" of Mercadante, with sufficient success to attract the attention of managers. In the following year she had engagements at



MADAME BORGHİ MAMO, OF THE PARIS ITALIAN OPERA.

Rolling

Modena, Rimini, and other places in the north of Italy, where she appeared in various contralto parts, especially *Orsini*, in Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia." It was in this character (so well known in this country by the splendid performances of Alboni) that she gained her first great triumph. She then went to Malta, where she remained three years, during which time she performed almost all the principal parts suited to her voice of the modern Italian repertoire. By this time her fame had spread over Italy, and in 1851 she was engaged at Naples, where she made her first appearance at the San Carlo in the "Cenerentola." She immediately became the idol of the Neapolitan public, performing the part of the *Zingara*, in the "Trovatore" of Verdi, no less than seventy-four times consecutively. When she took her leave of Naples, in January last, after the performance of the "Trovatore" for her benefit, she had an "ovation" to be met with only in Italy. She was escorted in triumph from the theatre to her residence, and serenaded by the orchestra and chorus of the theatre, amid the acclamations of the multitude; and the journals teemed with sonnets in her praise, in which, whatever might have been their poetry, there was no lack of enthusiasm. It is no wonder that these children of the South are apt to be chilled by the coldness of our northern latitude; but they are soon reconciled to John Bull's want of demonstrativeness by the weight of his purse and his readiness to open it.

Last spring Madame Borghi Mamo went to Vienna, where her reception was most flattering. During the summer she visited Leghorn and Florence; and it was while singing at the latter place that she received those overtures which have brought her to Paris. She has there brought the "Trovatore" into the highest vogue at the Italian Opera; and M. Ragani, the manager, is so sensible of her importance to the theatre, that he has wisely entered into a new engagement with her for several seasons. Mr. Gye, we have been informed, is endeavouring to engage her for Covent-garden; where, however, she can appear only for two months during next season, having a subsequent engagement at the Imperial Theatre of Vienna.



FOX-HUNTING.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Madame Borghi Mamo is handsome and attractive. She is a graceful and intelligent actress, as well as a most accomplished singer. Her voice is a pure contralto of the richest quality and extraordinary compass, extending from F in the bass clef to C—two octaves and a fifth; and so skillfully does she join the chest voice with the falsetto, that in the whole of that great range there is not the slightest inequality.

Subjoined to our Portrait of this distinguished lady is a *facsimile* of a very interesting musical autograph. When she was at Florence this time twelve months Rossini heard her sing in his own "Cenerentola," and was so lavish in his expressions of the pleasure he had received from her performance, that she was emboldened to ask him for a few lines in his own handwriting, handing him a piece of music-paper for that purpose. The illustrious *maestro* instantly wrote down this extempore fragment—a graceful little melody for the violin, with an accompaniment for the piano. A musician of taste, taking it as a theme, could easily expand it into an elegant movement.

FOX-HUNTING.

There were many came down to the banks of the brook;
Came down with a rush—not to leap but to look;
There were horsemen who took to the water like rats,
There were steeds without riders, and men without hats.
Cheshire Song.

Yo-ho! over she goes. There's the cream of the thing in a grass country—the pack streaming away over a flat country, too fast for music, the bright green of a field of a hundred acres, and a row of pollard willows give warning of a brook, not to be seen at a distance though full to the brim, and chill many a heart by anticipation, for there's not an open bridge within a mile. The first sight is all right; the pace has weeded the field, and the men and the horses know how and where to make the rush needful for clearing a wide uncertain number of yards of water. The lady would not be there if she had not full confidence in herself and her horse.

We said all, but there is one exception in the unhappy gentleman without his hat; it is quite evident that neither he nor his horse means risking a cold-water bath. By nicking or skirting, or some unlucky accident, he has got far too forward for his comfort; and now he has seen the last of the sport for the day, he may pick up his hat and go home by the road, for there are five miles of grass between the fox and the next cover, and, according to all signs the pack will race over every yard of it. Never mind, he will have plenty of "companions of his solitude." The ruck is too far behind to face that water on the chance of a check. They must all ride round a mile or two for the highway bridge. Brook-jumping—like storming a fortified town, charging squares of infantry with cavalry, and many other feats—is invariably performed with great ease and success *after dinner, over the mahogany*; but in a fast run in an open grass country, there is nothing that thus a well-mounted field like a brook that must be jumped; and in grazing counties the farmers have an awkward trick of locking high-backed spiked gates in the centre of accommodation bridges.

Neither men nor horses like water. Men don't like the chance of a day in wet clothes, not to speak of falling between two high banks, and requiring the help of a plough-team to get out; and horses that will do every other kind of leap in perfection, will often so absolutely refuse to face water, that no persuasion, determination, or skill on the part of the rider can get them over. And what is worse, a horse that has once fallen into water will generally refuse, or jump short, from fear, ever after—an effect which no fall over any other kind of fence will produce; indeed, there is a prejudice, which we do not share, that a fall over a gate or a hedge makes a young horse jump clearer in future.

We remember seeing Captain Beecher ride a thorough-bred he was training for steeplechasing into two brooks, one after the other, without being able to produce the semblance of a leap. The brute galloped straight on, as if his legs were of wood, and the water had been solid ground.

On another occasion, last season, the Whip of a metropolitan pack of stag-hounds rode his horse three times into a brook without success—the last time parting company, and scrambling out on the far side, while the horse turned back to the other. A gentleman passing by on foot, who had witnessed the scene, volunteered to ride the animal over, and did, successfully, at the first trial, without whip or spurs. So much for the man's part on a good horse. After all, however, there is no leap so safe as water, where the horse is a water-jumper, where the banks are sound, and you can gallop up to the "taking off" over a surface not too deep for wind and speed. Very often the banks are fetlock deep in mud, trodden down into a paste by bullocks drinking, or undermined by the stream. The best ground will usually be found near trees or bushes. The Evenlode in Oxfordshire is the water stopper of that county, awkward, with a stiff clay bottom and precipitous banks.

When Earl Fitzhardinge first looked at it, he asked his Whip, "How broad is it?"

"About nine yards, my Lord."

"Deuced awkward place to get in," he observed. "And how deep is it?"

"About ten feet," my Lord.

"Deuced awkward place to get out."

And these eurt observations apply to the Whissendine, in Leicestershire, which forms a leading feature in Nimrod's celebrated sketch of Leicestershire; the Mole, in Surrey, which no one has celebrated; and all the water jumps noted among foxhunters.

Water must be ridden at fast, but not wildly. People talk of twenty miles an hour—fourteen miles an hour for the last 150 yards is more like the reality. But, whatever the pace, your horse should be collected to a measured stride, so that he can measure his distance, and not be hurried to take off too soon or too late. The rider must be determined—hands steady, and legs and thighs clasped, in the way that means going. If his nerves fail him at the last moment, or, as is often the case, he changes his notion of the best place for taking off, the horse will to a certainty stop or swerve, or jump into a cold bath.

As to how an awkward place should be ridden at, we remember seeing the celebrated Jack Goddard, of the Heythrop, ride down to the banks of the Evenlode, then much broken, at a canter, to choose a place of firm ground for leaping off, and then circling back, without stopping, to the top of the field, he returned at a thundering pace, and skinned across like a bird; while half a dozen, more rash and less knowing, were floundering in the stream. Every season horses, perfect in other respects, are sold out of the Leicestershire country, because they cannot be made to face water in proper style. So, before a man goes into any of the brook-divided counties, he should make sure if he means to ride straight, that his steed won't make him look ridiculous.

Before entering into descriptions of particular packs (which we propose to state with Portraits of some of the most celebrated Masters of Hounds and Hunt-men with their packs—commencing with the Quorn, the Brocklesby, the Russell, and Mr. Assheton Smith's), it may be well to say a few words on two or three subjects likely to be useful to those who make their first appearance in the hunting-field this season.

And first as to railroads. Railroads have completely changed the character of hunting-fields by making a large circle accessible to those whom the meeting of Parliament, or other engagement, compel to spend the season in London, as well as by extending the circle of the principal centres where hunting men congregate; as, for instance, Melton, Leicester, Leamington, and Cheltenham. Oxford undergraduates can now reach, for a few shillings, distances which formerly cost two hacks and an unlimited quantity of beer. Indeed, railroads have almost made hacks unnecessary. For instance, Sir Richard Sutton frequently leaves London in the morning, and meets his hounds between Leicester and Euston stations.

Taking London as the chief centre of railroads available for those who either return to town the same evening, or keep up a hunting-box within telegraphic distance of the political clubs and the Stock Exchange,—the following is a condensed list of the accessible railroad stations and Packs of hounds:—

Beginning on the north side of the Thames. The Great Western Railway:—Slough, reached in 27 minutes from Paddington, is in the centre of the Queen's stag-hounds. At Reading, an hour and a quarter from Paddington, Mr. John Phillips, and the South Berkshire. We have seen a very quick thing along the Pastures, within sight of Magdalen Tower. At Didcot, two hours and a quarter from Paddington, the Craven, lately taken up by the young Earl of Portsmouth; and the Old Berkshire, hunted by Mr. Morrell, the brewer and banker, of Oxford, meet all round. On the other side of Oxford, the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton intersects the Heythrop; master, Lord Redesdale; huntman, the celebrated Jim Hills. On the other side, Mr. Thomas Drake, the descendant of a long line of squire and sportsman, hunts a country which the triangle of the Buckinghamshire lines intersects.

Thus, leaving London in the morning at ten minutes before eight o'clock, you can be at Didcot at half-past nine; or, by sleeping at or near Oxford, a good day's sport may be enjoyed with either the Heythrop, Mr. Drake's, the Old Berkshire, Mr. Phillips's, and often with the Warwickshire, with the opportunity of returning, if necessary, to London, by trains leaving Oxford at nine or ten o'clock p.m.

The London and North-Western Railway taps a district even richer than the Great Western, and grants peculiar facilities to sportsmen in the shape of tickets, available for hunting purposes only, at £10 to Tring and £20 to Rugby, for the season.

The notable stations are Watford, Tring, Leighton, Wolverton, Weedon, Blisworth, and Rugby—Watford, twenty-five minutes; Tring and Leighton, about two hours; and Rugby, three hours and twenty minutes, go through the centre of the following Hunts: Lord Dacres, who occupies the chief part of Hertfordshire, formerly hunted by the Earl of Salisbury, and afterwards by Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, author of a standard book upon the "Noble Science;"

Lord Lonsdale, who has taken up the Old Berkeley country, and keeps both fox-hounds and harriers at Tring; the Baron Rothschild's stag-hounds, hunting the grass country in the Vale of Aylesbury; Lord Southampton's hunting part of Beds, including part of the wild country given up by Mr. Selby Lowndes, and part of Northamptonshire; and, lastly, the Pytchley, a district of Northamptonshire, not second to Leicestershire in broad pasture fields and with even stiffer fences. On an emergency, by leaving London at half-past six o'clock in the morning by a fast train, Rugby may be reached at 9.50, which will be time enough with a hack to get to a few of the best meets, not only of the Pytchley, but of the Warwickshire also. The same train also reaches Weedon at 9.17, giving time to get to the famous Crick Meet. But these are extreme exertions, not worth while, considering that good accommodation can be had for hunters and huntmen at Tring, at Leighton, at Rugby, and other stations which it would take too much space to name. Rugby, indeed, stands in the first position as a hunting centre; and a series of trains—the last leaving at 9.10 from Rugby—will deliver the sportsman in town before twelve o'clock at night.

The Great Northern is less rich in hunting districts than the two other great metropolitan lines; but it passes through the best part of Lord Dacres' hunt. Between Hatfield, less than an hour from London, and Hitchin, by express five minutes more than an hour, eight meets are passed—all within four miles of a station. At Biggleswade, one hour and a half from London, the Cambridgeshire hunt is accessible, where the Misses Reynolds have performed their feats of horsemanship; and at Peterboro', which can be reached by ten o'clock, Earl Fitzwilliam's is within an easy canter—certainly one of the best countries and packs out of what may be called the fashionable districts. The inn accommodation is excellent, and hack-hunters may be hired.

The Eastern Counties Railway, with its double lines, opens up hunting districts of very varied character. For instance, for the benefit of the City men living on the east side of London, there is the South Essex, a provincial pack, hunting twice a week over a flat grass country, intersected by broad deep drains, which require a steady clever horse to execute comfortably and fast. This district has recently been brought within two hours' travelling by the Tilbury and Southend Railway, with one terminus in Fenchurch-street, and the other at Tilbury, opposite Gravesend, which passes within a couple of miles of the best covers. The South Essex is in every respect the reverse of the Pytchley; but a clever horse is required. Then the Eastern Counties Railway, surrounds with its two arms the "Essex hunt," which has been rendered classical in a fox-hunting sense by the fact that it was once hunted by Colonel Cook (whose book was long a standard authority with masters of hounds), and it has since been held for more than forty years by Mr. Conyers, who resigned it two seasons ago, and was succeeded by Mr. Henley Graves. Essex is a plough country where the scent lies well; the foxes are wild; and the deep ditches and high banks require more than mere pluck to surmount. Bishop Stortford, on the one side, which can be reached in an hour, at 9.4 a.m., and Ingatstone station, which can also be done in an hour, arriving at 8½ a.m., place you within reach of all the best meets. The latter station approaches a few meets of the Essex Union—a rough country with Devonshire banks, hunted for a short time by Jim Morgan; now, we believe, with Lord Lonsdale.

Crossing the Thames, we have the East Kent, with kennels close to Gravesend, hunted by Mr. Colyer, entirely at his own expense, on a very liberal scale, over, as we hear, a very rough, unsatisfactory country, with too many covers and too many unjumpable banks for much sport. Next to the East Kent lies the Old Surrey, to be reached by the Croydon line, in an hour from town. The Surrey is an excellent county for a constitutional ride; but it is so strictly a subscription pack that the presence of strangers is not desired.

The Reigate and Guildford Junction line between the South-Eastern and South-Western, intersects the best part of the Surrey Union, thus completing the circle round London, and accommodating all tastes, from the very quiet constitutional cab-rider, to the man who can go first flight with the Pytchley. We may mention, from personal experience, for the information of travellers in strange countries anxious to see sport, and of gentlemen in their first season, that very capable hack-hunters, with the option of purchase, may be had from Charles Simmonds, Oxford; T. Percival, the Haycock, Wansford, near Peterborough; Tollit Streatham, Croydon, for the Surrey and the Queen's. There are, no doubt, many others equally to be depended on—we speak of these we have found up to their work.

(To be continued.)

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.—The Duchess of Cambridge received letters on Saturday, brought by the Queen's messenger, who arrived that morning from Constantinople, from the Duke of Cambridge, which give a favourable account of the health of his Royal Highness. The Duke has been staying at Therapia, and his health has gradually improved, mainly from retirement and change of scene. The Duke is most anxious to rejoin his division, but his medical attendants insist on his not quitting for the Crimea until his health shall be completely restored. It was thought his Royal Highness would leave towards the close of December.

THE RUSSIAN INTRIGUANTE IN PARIS.—Some sensation has been created in Paris by the arrival of the Princess Lieven at her old residence in the Hotel Talleyrand. The Princess arrived on Friday night. It is said that she is on her way to Nice, where she has been recommended to proceed for the benefit of her health; but it is thought likely that she will not proceed on her journey immediately; indeed, many affirm that she will remain in Paris during the winter. The Princess is said to have obtained permission from the French Government to pass through France.

RELIEF OF THE GREAT FIRE.—There still exists a financial relief of the Great Fire of London. A return has just been printed, at the instance of Mr. Moffatt, of the sums of moneys raised and paid by parishes within the city of London, under the Act 44th George III., chap. 89, "for the relief of certain incumbents of livings in the city of London," since the passing of that Act. All parishes, the churches of which were not burnt down in the Great Fire of London, are exempted from the operations of the Act. From the figures supplied in the return, it appears that £4600 have been paid annually under the Act; and, as it was passed just half a century ago, it follows that there has been raised under it, up to this time, a gross amount of something like £320,000; or, adding about the average for the two parishes in which the amount is not named, probably £350,000 would be nearer the mark.

ENGLISH GOVERNESSES IN RUSSIA.—Private letters from English governesses in Russia state that it has been intimated from high quarters that it is desirable for them to return immediately to their own country. The cause of this measure is said to be, that the Czar thinks that, as the war will reduce a great many wealthy persons to poverty, their daughters ought to find employment open to them. As most of the noble families are quite aware of what "the gentleman with mild eyes" means by a hint, they have advised their governesses to take it, however unwilling to lose their services, while they have the opportunity of quitting in comfort; as, by waiting for an official order, they might have to do it with inconvenient haste, or possibly not be permitted to leave at all, and be favoured with an opportunity of verifying their geographical studies under disagreeable circumstances.

THE ARMY OF THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION.—A general view of the force forming the army of the German Confederation will not be without interest at the present moment. Its actual strength, according to the returns for 1853 laid before the Military Committee of the Diet, amounts to 525,037 men, and is divided as follows:—The First, Second, and Third Army Corps (Austria) make 153,295; the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Army Corps (Prussia) make 170,509; the Seventh Army Corps (Bavaria), 50,236; and Eighth Corps (Württemberg, Baden, and Hesse Darmstadt), 47,557; the Ninth Corps (Saxony, Electoral Hesse, Nassau, Luxemburg, Limburg), 35,936; the Tenth Corps (Hanover, Brunswick, Oldenburg, the Hanse Towns, Mecklenburg), 49,518; the Infantry Division of Reserve, 18,186. Among them 371 are on the Staff. The Infantry amount to 404,592 men, of whom 28,621 are Chasseurs and Riflemen. The Cavalry are 71,149, with 42,092 horses doing work. The Artillery consists of 49,270 men, with 7324 horses. The so-called technical troops amount to 5745 men; to whom are to be added 1470 army surgeons and 16,898 men attached to the transport service. The siege-park contains 250 pieces of ordnance, 122 of which are cannon, 31 howitzers, and 97 mortars. According to its tactical distribution, the Federal Army consists of 387 battalions, 409 squadrons, and 147 batteries, with 1122 guns.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.—In the beginning of the campaign some officers of the Guards invited several officers of General Bosquet's division to dine at their mess. The French officers sent a deputation to decline the invitation in the most delicate and friendly terms possible. Most of them, they said, had little or nothing beyond their pay to live upon; they could not return hospitality in the same style that they knew it would be offered to them; and they felt certain that English officers would understand their scruples, and not press them to accept civilities which some at least among their number might feel as laying them under the weight of an obligation. They would eagerly seize every occasion to grasp the hand of an English officer, would be delighted to join in a promenade and a cigar, but upon the whole, thought it best to abstain from entering upon a course of dinner-giving. Against such an excuse of course no remonstrance could be made, and the English officers merely expressed their regret that they could not see so much of their comrades in arms as they had hoped to do. But after the battle of Inkerman the English mess in question had lost their plate and china, their cellar, their potted meats, hams, preserves, and other luxuries, and, owing to commissariat difficulties but too notorious, found it difficult to procure the most ordinary rations. When these misfortunes became known in the Camp, the French deputation of officers renewed their visit, and said, with comic good-humour, that, since the fortune of war had removed the inequalities which originally constituted their only objection to an interchange of feeding, they hoped the English officers would condescend to take potluck with them. This *spirituel* invitation was naturally accepted, and the delightful fraternity which prevails between the two services was thus cemented by another link.

TWO NEW-YEAR'S-DAYS.

A STORY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

I AM the organist to St. Martha-cum-Silvermere, a little quiet church, in a little quiet town, some five-and-forty miles north-east of London. It is not a very brilliant appointment—thirty pounds a year, and a small old-fashioned house to live in. But I can exist upon it. I have a few pupils; a gratuity from the Vestry on Christmas-day and Good Friday; and, above all, a contented disposition, and a sincere love for my art. Besides, do I not possess a first-class certificate of merit from the Musical Academy of Zollenstrasse, in the Duchy of Zollernstrasse-zum-Rhein, where I received my professional education? Do I not rejoice in the ownership of that famous complimentary letter addressed to me by the wife of the Town-Councillor Von Stumpf? Am I not the proud and fortunate competitor who carried off those two bronze medals, and that faded laurel-wreath, which were awarded at the three grand examinations, and which now adorn the mantelpiece of my little parlour?

The worst part of it is that I have no one to whom I can show these trophies, excepting my little pupils and my child-servant. I am very lonely. How it happens that I possess no friends or kindred in all my native England is of no importance here. My residence abroad and my foreign education have something to do with the matter, and . . . But I will not enter upon that subject, as it is painful to look back upon a home and social circle broken up—upon a sunny childhood faded—upon parents lost, but unforgotten: and, moreover, that has absolutely nothing to do with my story.

Yes, I am lonely; and, for one still warm of heart, it seems a strange, cold fate enough. Yet my life is not without its pleasures. I like my little church, with its carved tombs and Gothic crypt, and monumental brasses here and there. I am interested in the aged sexton, and in his long, prosy tales of the De Lucy family, whose tattered banner hangs above the old oak sculpture near the altar-rails. I am attached to the little, rosy-faced rustic of the Sunday-school, who come every Wednesday to the Church, that I may train their sweet infant voices in those chants and psalm-tunes which they sing during the services of the Sabbath. Above all, I love my quaint old organ, up in the dark nook over the church door. I love its triple row of black keys, its obsolete stops, its curiously-carved music desk, and the little gilded angels with trumpets and violoncellos which are perched so uneasily on the top, and "pipe to the spirit-ditties of no tone."

It is true that the organ is not perfect; nay, I must confess that it is, in many respects, somewhat of an eccentric instrument. There is a trumpet-stop in the great organ which always plays a tone and a half too high, and which I have not dared to use for the last two years. The pedals are so worn down by the friction of more than a century, that they are reduced to the thinness of laths, and many of them are dumb. And there is something odd the matter with the bellows, so that the wind comes with a puff, intermittent sound, as if the organ were asthmatic—a defect which is peculiarly annoying, as it makes the children laugh, and spoils the effect of my most brilliant passages. However, I am a very constant little woman in my attachments, and I love the organ dearly for all that.

Silvermere is a very pleasant place in the summer time; and, though I always find plenty to occupy my time and my thoughts, I certainly feel happier then than during any other period of the year. I have my walks in the fields and by the river side; my long practices in the empty church, when the mellow evening sunlight comes streaming through the oriel window, and glinting all along the pillared aisle; my garden to cultivate; and my little vases on the chimney-piece all filled with fresh, sweet flowers. But sometimes I find the winters linger very drearily. Mind, I do not complain; I have my books and my fireside, and many, many comforts, for which I am grateful; yet the long, dark evenings do seem heavy to me at times, and the brightest fire loses half its cheerfulness when one has to sit by it alone. Of all days in the year New-Year's-day seems the loneliest and dreariest to me. I had been accustomed, while in Germany, to see this anniversary merrily celebrated, and had borne my share in the gifts, and good wishes, and balls, and pleasant social festivities with which the Germans usher in the great Birthday and the new-born year; so it is no wonder I should feel sad now when all Silvermere is gay, when London friends come down to spend their winter holidays with our townsfolk; when joyous parties are taking place night after night all around me, and I alone receive no loving smiles or gentle greetings from any human creature.

It seems strange that none of the inhabitants of this town have noticed or befriended me. The Rector is always kind to me, but his wife is far too haughty even to speak, and the rest of our little aristocracy, the lawyer's, doctor's, and squire's families follow her example. With the tradespeople I am, in my turn, too proud to associate; and thus I have no friend nor visitor. I know that I am not a prepossessing person. I have not the gift of pleasing where I choose. I am silent, and distant, and plain; but oh! I know how full my heart is of love and charity, and how it yearns for something to lean upon and cherish! But there are none who care to read that heart, and none for it to love.

But it was not always thus—there was once. . . . It was a long time ago. I had been about four years in England, and scarcely two at Silvermere. I was quite young then, and not so plain, and pale, and taciturn as I am now. The organ, too, was in better condition, and not so asthmatic as it is at present.

I saw him first at church. How well I remember it! It was towards the autumn. The weather was gloriously beautiful, and the days were so long and calm that life seemed twice its usual length. The afternoon service was just about to commence—in fact I was playing the opening voluntary—when one of the children, who sat beside the organ, stole round softly to my elbow, and whispered—

"Please, Ma'am, there's a strange gentleman in the church!"

A stranger amid a country congregation is an event, and an important one. He attracts more attention than the sermon, and is, for the nonce, a more remarkable person in the eyes of the children than the beadle himself.

It was my duty to keep the little urchins in order, so I shook my head gravely, and said, "Hush! don't talk in church," and went on with my voluntary.

"Please, Ma'am, he looks like a Frenchman, or—or a Turk!"

This last suggestion was hazarded dubiously, and accompanied with a peep between the red curtains that hid me from the congregation. Now a peep between the curtains was a liberty and an act of disobedience which I never would permit; besides, it looked so badly from below; so I turned round very sharply, and tried to assume an exceedingly angry countenance.

"Sarah Wilson," I said to the offender, "go back to your place directly, and pay attention to the service. It is of no consequence to you who is, or is not, in the church!"

Sarah Wilson retreated to her seat in disgrace; but I am forced to confess that I was myself guilty of the offence for which I had punished her, for I could not resist peeping through the curtains as soon as the sermon began.

He was sitting in the farther corner of a pew midway between the altar and the door, and leaning back in such a manner that I could see his pale face and his large dark eyes distinctly. His clothes were of a foreign make and style; his hair was long, and fell in careless masses about his face; and it was probably his large moustache that caused the child to take him for a Frenchman "or a Turk." His face was more intellectual than handsome; and I could not help fancying, as I looked at him, that he must be fond of music.

Somehow I took especial pains with my concluding voluntary that afternoon, and it was wonderful how long it took me to select one from amongst the piles of music in the corner. First I fixed upon a fugue of Sebastian Bach's; then upon a "Gloria" by Mozart; then upon a movement from the "Mount of Olives." At last I chose the Hallelujah Chorus in the "Messiah" (the most divine piece of music in the world), and played it with all my heart. Indeed, I entered into it with so much enthusiasm and pleasure, that, until I had concluded, and chanced to turn round and see him standing there in his place alone in the church, and looking up earnestly towards the organ, I had forgotten all about the foreign stranger.

Of course I drew back directly, and busied myself in putting away the music, and locking the organ doors, and when I looked round again he was gone.

I saw no more of him, heard no more of him—yet I could not keep from thinking of him all the week, and wondering whether he would return on the following Sunday. I fancied that he would—indeed, so certain of it was I, that, when I found him already occupying his former place before any one else had entered the church, I felt no surprise at it.

This time he not only remained alone listening to my playing after the rest had dispersed, but he waited beside the porch till I came out, and advancing towards me,—

"Permit me to thank you, lady, for your beautiful music," he said courteously. "I had not expected to hear such in this remote country place."

I blushed, bowed, and passed on; but his words rung in my ears for days after, and I was angry with myself that I thought of him so much; yet his look, the tone of his deep voice, the hesitating accent with which he spoke, haunted me strangely. I did not think that he was a foreigner; it seemed to me more as if he had lived much abroad. As for his age (though I was too young to be a judge), it was perhaps thirty or thirty-five. He might be younger; but the gravity of his manner gave him the appearance of a man in the prime of life.

For two or three more Sundays this continued. Each time he contrived to address me, but always with the deepest respect; and I grew at last so absorbed in the interest with which these weekly meetings filled my mind, that I thought of little else from Sabbath to Sabbath.

One morning I met him by the river side. It was my favourite walk; and,

though the autumn was far advanced, it was not yet too cold to stroll, book in hand, through the green meadows and under the alders which stretched along beside the water's edge.

He spoke to me—how he loved me—he talked of music, of books, of rural life. He told me that he was an author; and spoke of the lands he had visited, and of the scenery through which he had passed. I listened in a sort of dream. I had never heard a voice so eloquent before. His every word sank into my heart, and warmed my imagination. He said that he would lend me a book which he had written, and that he would bring it the next morning to the same place where I at first met him. I made an effort to refuse it, but he over-ruled my objections, and—I went.

Let me pass over the weeks that followed. Let me not dwell upon the frequency of our after-meetings—the charmed eloquence of his speech—the wrapped and humble delight with which I listened and learned. His books were grave and full of thought—far more profound than any that I had attempted to read before. Yet I strove to comprehend his philosophy, and pored over the pages night after night that I might be able to speak of them with him, and render myself worthy of his friendship.

At last his friendship—for he never spoke to me of love. Yet I loved him—loved him timidly, reverently, as a child might have loved! The very touch of his hand when we met and when we parted made me tremble—the merest glance from his calm eyes seemed to blind and trouble me. Had they once looked upon me in anger, I felt as if I must have fallen at his feet and died.

It was wrong, foolish, childish—what you will; but it was not surprising that I should so worship the first who had been kind and gentle with me. Remember—I was so young, so lonely, so in need of affection and support!

The winter came, and there were many days of rain and snow, when I could not venture out; and those were melancholy days for me—yet sometimes, even then, he would not suffer them to go by without once seeing my face, and would walk patiently up and down the road in front of my little cottage, till I chanced to see him.

Then came Christmas time, and he told me that he must go to London for some days to visit his friends. He parted from me very coldly and gravely, as was his wont; but, when he had gone a little distance, came back, and, saying that he should return on New-Year's-day, lifted my hand suddenly to his lips, and then went hastily away.

It was the first token of love that he had shown for me—the very first! Sometimes, it is true, I had fancied that there was a deeper thrill in his voice, a darker fire in his eyes—but it was so fleeting that I had scarcely dared to fume it into words; and, after all, it might have been my fancy only. But this kiss! this burning kiss upon my hand! I hastened home; and, entering my little parlour, burst into tears, and kissed my own hand over and over again where his lips had rested upon it.

I do not now remember any circumstances of those days, between Christmas-day and the last day of the old year. They glided past me like the pictures of a magic lantern, and I lived as one dreaming. Nothing wore the same aspect to me, which it used to wear, before that day. People's faces passing in the street, seemed more cheerful; the wintry landscape looked beautiful in my eyes; the sound of my own voice, as I used to sit singing softly to myself, appeared to have grown sweeter with my happiness.

Then arrived the thirty-first day of December. To-morrow! ah, to-morrow I should see him again. My heart beat strangely when I thought of that; and I so longed to greet the day and year which would herald in my golden future, that I resolved to sit by my fireside and hear the clocks strike twelve.

It was a very cold and silent night. My little house stands just on the outskirts of the town, and the far fields beyond the hedge were covered with deep snow. The view was dreary, and I drew the curtains closely, piled a blazing fire, and tried to read. It was useless. I could not fix my thoughts that night. There was a strange, restless, expectant feeling upon me; and as the evening hours went by I grew nervous and agitated.

All at once I felt that he was there, and I trembled. I had heard no sound—I had had no warning of his coming, and yet I knew that he was standing yonder outside the window.

What awful mysterious sympathy is this which I then experienced, and which occurs to all of us at some time or other during life!

I rose, went over, and drew the curtain. Merciful Heaven! the promptings of my heart were right—he was standing close beside the lattice, and the moonlight was shining down upon his face!

"Alice!" he said softly. "Alice!"

I opened the window and leaned out into the cold night.

"I said that I would be here on New-Year's-day," he said, and his voice was agitated and broken. "It will be New-Year's-day in a few moments more. I have travelled miles that I might see you. I come to say good-bye!"

I would have spoken; but the words died away upon my lips, and I could only clasp my hands silently together.

"I have received news of my brother's illness," he continued; "that brother in Madeira, of whom I have told you. I must go to him; but I will write to you by the first ship. I felt that I must speak to you again before I left. I could not go without telling how I love you! Hark!" he said, pausing suddenly, and lifting his finger, "they are tolling out the year!"

And the low solemn tones of the bells of St. Martha came moaning through the night.

"The year is almost gone, Alice! Tell me, before it is past, that you love me!"

"I do love you."

The church clock now began to strike.

"I shall be home again before long, Alice. Promise me that you will be my bride before these clocks strike out a year again!"

"I promise."

The clock was yet striking.

He grasped the vine with both his hands, and climbed up to the window where I stood.

"Kiss me, Alice—kiss me on the lips before I go! I must be in London by daylight; and the chaise waits for me in the road. One kiss, my life!—one kiss at parting!"

He was hanging to the window by his hands. I laid mine upon them, for he could not remove them to clasp my fingers in his; and then, bending down, I kissed him for the first and only time.

At that instant the joy-bells rang out their merry chimes like a chorus of laughing voices—his hands slipped away beneath mine—he dropped down upon the snowy path below, and, crying aloud to me, "A happy New Year, darling!" ran swiftly along the road and disappeared.

How long I stood there at the open window listening to the bells and looking down at his footprints underneath, and at the places which his hands had made upon the snowdrift on my window-ledge, I know not; but when I returned to my seat, the fire had gone out, and the candle was expiring in the socket.

And now I have but little more to tell; and yet I feel that I would fain write on and on, and still defer the story of my sorrow. But it must be said, and a very few words will suffice to relate it: no letter from him ever came to me.

The weary, weary months passed by: the spring-time came and went; the golden summer brought its flowers, the autumn its fruits; and yet I never heard from him. Life grew stale and heavy for me; hope died slowly from my heart; a dull, listless melancholy took possession of my whole soul; and I only wished to die.

Then the winter came again with all its varied aspects, and my only comfort was in wandering where I had wandered, a year since, with him—in recalling each word that he had uttered—in reading once more each book that I had read with him. The Christmas-day passed on. If I had had any hope left it faded from me when this day was past; "for surely," I thought, "were he still alive, he would have written to me now."

The New-Year's-eve was come again; a foggy, misty night unlike the last. I was sitting by my fireside with my head buried in my hands, too, miserable for tears, when there came a knock to my door, and a letter was brought in and laid before me—a letter written in an unknown hand; a letter which had been directed and re-directed many times, and which bore the postage marks of many places. A dread came upon me, for again I felt that here was something which concerned him whom I loved. For several moments I dared not open the letter, and when I had opened it, it was some time before I could read it. This was what it told me:—

"Madam.—It has devolved upon me to inform you of the painful intelligence of the death of Mr. B—, of ——. He was taken seriously ill during the voyage to Madeira, and expired before we reached the port of Funchal. I enclose a piece of his hair and this ring, which he was in the habit of wearing.—I am, Madam, &c., &c."

You see that my story is but a commonplace one, after all; but perhaps, now that you have heard it, you will not be surprised when I say that New-Year's-day was the happiest and the most sorrowful of my life.

PHENOMENON NEAR ABERYSTWYTH.—An extraordinary natural phenomenon occurred, on Tuesday week, at the Rhivfrank Mountain, near Aberystwyth, Glamorganshire. About five o'clock on the morning of that day a shaking of the earth was felt, which, as it was believed to be the shock of an earthquake, produced considerable alarm among the parties resident in the neighbourhood, especially to Mr. Roger Newell, whose house is near the Aberystwyth works, at the foot of the mountain. As soon as there was sufficient daylight to investigate the cause, it was ascertained that the top of the mountain had descended to the base, a portion of the fragments falling into Mr. Newell's garden. In its descent the mountain-top had torn up oak and other trees by the roots, and had split the trunks of many of them in fragments. There had been no underground workings in the mountain, and there seems nothing to account for the phenomenon. Some country people state that they saw flashes of fire issue from it; but that must have been mere fancy.

LOANS OR TAXES?

A GREAT controversy is beginning, whether the expense of the war should be defrayed by Taxes to meet the whole cost as it arises; or by Loans, to pay a great part of the cost now, and the remainder year after year, through an indefinite period. In reference to this important subject, we have received the following from an esteemed Correspondent, whose position and study of the question entitle his opinions to a fair and respectful hearing. We do not undertake to vouch for the correctness of every part of his reasoning, but present his views, as a contribution to the proper discussion of a matter of high public interest at all times, and especially important at the present period:—

(From a Correspondent.)

An individual always borrows from other individuals, but a nation rarely borrows from other nations. So far as it can a loan may be useful. We are, in fact, about really to borrow the assistance of foreign soldiers, though we purchase it; and if we could borrow, were they wanted, foreign ships, or foreign cattle, or foreign corn, they might assist us to bring the war to a more speedy and successful conclusion. So, if the nation borrowed money from other nations, and with it bought the services of their people, their ships, cattle, or corn, it might add to the national power, as the loans of a trader enable him to extend his business, and might, by enabling us to win a battle, be worth borrowing. But we are not likely to borrow from other nations. England is the great lending nation of the present time. Holland is also a lending nation to some extent. But almost all other nations are rather borrowers than lenders, and as the rule they come hither for their loans. We may exclude, therefore, from our argument, though there may be instances of some few foreigners lending us money, the supposition that any part of the Loan is to come from abroad, and consider it entirely and exclusively as the nation lending to itself. In fact, the Government, in the name of the nation, borrows from one portion of the people a sum for the use of which some other portion has to pay.

It is said that Loans throw part of the cost of the war on posterity, or spread it over a long period; that the war is waged partly for the advantages of our successors, and they ought to pay in part for it. Can we throw any part of the burden on posterity? The supposition appears to be a mistake. It is the fallacy which lies at the bottom of the whole argument. We cannot possibly fix any such obligation on posterity. All the money in the country is worth, at the most, £60,000,000. The value of all the goods bought and sold in the country is probably ten times as much as the value of the money; and the bulk of this remains in the country year after year; while all our bread, and beef, and ale, and cloth, and gunpowder are made or grown, and used month after month, and year after year, as they are required. Money is merely the instrument for counting wealth, and is not wealth itself. An individual borrows money to spend it, and he gets a greater share of the objects he purchases than he would otherwise have. But a nation borrowing from itself cannot get more of the objects it requires than it already possesses. The present generation cannot borrow a grain of gunpowder, a musket, or the use of one arm from posterity. It must, therefore—and cannot help itself—really pay its way as it goes. The real expense of the war to the nation consists in so much labour employed in soldiering and in sailing, in erecting batteries, blowing away gunpowder, destroying the stone walls of the enemy, and putting the enemy to death; and in providing all the materials which all the persons engaged in the war use or consume. All this labour must be done daily, and no part of it can by any possibility be put off for posterity to do, or postponed even till to-morrow, without risk or loss. The real cost of the war, consisting of so much labour or stock applied to work destruction, must be paid day by day, and it is a shallow fallacy to suppose that the present generation can, by borrowing money, the mere instrument of counting, throw a single sixpence of this cost on posterity. The generation adds neither to its wealth nor its power by borrowing of itself.

A Loan, in fact, is merely getting the moneyed classes to pay at present a much larger share of the cost of the war than is fair; but they advance the money voluntarily because the Government undertakes to pay them in return, a certain sum annually, for an indefinite, or it may be a definite, number of years. A subscriber to the Loan of £100 pays £100 of the year's expense of the war, when his fair share of the annual taxation is, say £10; and for the loan of his £100; he receives back an annual payment, say of £5—the sum being determined by the rate of interest at which the loan is negotiated. Thus his share of the national burdens is immediately lessened by £5; and by the community paying him this sum annually, it bears so much of his fair share of the public charges—less, to state the matter with strict accuracy, the little part which he, as a tax-payer, will have to bear of it. This sum must be paid to him in perpetuity, or until the whole sum of £100, in addition to the interest, is repaid to him. Loans by the State from a portion of the people are a means of exonerating the lenders who advance £100 now, to be paid £5 at the end of the year, and every succeeding year, from a share of taxation. They enable the rich to escape, and throw the whole burden on those who cannot advance their capital to redeem themselves. They exonerate capitalists, and increase the burdens of industry; they make the rich richer, and the poor poorer—the very evil those writers deplore who now recommend us to defray the expense of the war by Loans.

Taxes in every shape and form are great evils. Direct taxes introduce great inequalities of taxation and great tyranny. Day after day we experience their inconvenience and injustice. They should be continued, therefore, for as short a time as possible. We cannot raise one per cent from every man's income, in order to pay the interest of a Loan, without as complete a system of supervision, of appeals, and commissioners, as would raise ten or twenty per cent, and pay the whole expense of the year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer means to retain the present rate of Tea-duties, but to levy it he will not require an additional Custom-house officer, nor would he have dismissed one had the promised reduction taken effect. We can levy two or three Excise duties, and two or three Custom-house duties, as cheaply as we can levy one; and we can levy them at a high rate as cheaply as at a low rate. But every such duty requires the services of a great number of officers and the imposition of a great number of restrictions in order to levy it. We have enjoyed the prodigious advantage of getting rid of the Excise on glass and soap, and the Customs duties on silk, wool, &c. Every tax, therefore, whether direct or indirect, should be imposed for the shortest possible time. By every single tax, too, as large a sum should be levied as it can conveniently yield, so that the number of taxes—each one carrying with it injustice, vexation, and petty tyranny—may be as small as possible. To borrow of our capitalists, instead of paying our way as we go, is to doom our industry to a long continuance of taxes and to vexatious restriction. What writers call throwing part of the burden of the war on posterity means dooming it to taxes on knowledge, and light, and cleanliness, to taxes on varying and uncertain incomes, to surcharges, appeals, summonses, and distraints, such as have, for so many years, plagued us, and impeded our progress, cut up our comfort, and lessened our power. It is supposed by Mr. McCulloch that £12,000,000—and this is, probably, an exaggerated estimate—would have sufficed to pay the national expenses year by year since the peace, had our predecessors not burdened us with taxes to pay the interest on their Loans. The misery entailed on the community by collecting £23,000,000 per annum since 1815 to pay the interest of the Debt is beyond human power to describe. We get glimpses of it in the continued poverty and continued crimes of the multitude. Shall we leave an increased heritage of this woe to our posterity? If we so decide, we must at the same time recollect that we shall not exempt ourselves from one atom of evil, for the taxes which must be levied to pay the interest of the Loans, carry with them all the evils, all the restrictions, and all the official tyranny of an amount of taxation, judiciously levied, which would render Loans wholly unnecessary. We have a Property-tax, a House, and a Succession-tax already in existence. By an increased per centage on one or all of them, we might levy all the money the State requires, and impose no additional restriction on trade or industry. Those who deny the utility of Loans, do not propose as a substitute, as is implied by some writers, the renewal of indirect taxes, and the imposition of fresh restrictions on industry.

There is one moral effect of Loans amongst many which we cannot overlook. Individuals desire to provide for their offspring, and to secure them against the necessity of eating bread by the sweat of their brow. We applaud the object, but it may be carried too far, and the desire is not one the State should strengthen. Take every title in the possession, from the Duke of Wellington downwards, which has been gained by great abilities and great toils; take the original possessor and his offspring, and the education will furnish the inquirer that the robust-minded struggling parent was, in every condition of his existence, however severe his toil, a happier being than any one of his well-provided, listless, aimless, offspring. It is, in most cases, an injury to children so to provide for them as to relieve them from the necessity of exertion. It crushes the soul to impart a little comfort to the body. The interest of all Loans, however, being paid by the annual produce of taxes, become a property in taxes, bequeathed from parents to children; they are a provision for idleness; they quarter a certain number of persons on the public, and doom some to inaction and others to excessive toil. We also see examples of young people beginning life on a competency left them by their parents, and living on to the end of their days nearly useless to all but themselves. Nobody pays them for useful labour. Their services are worth nothing. There is for them no mutual paying and receiving. They promote no man's welfare;

they are generally extremely selfish; and far from happy. The rentier, the annuitant, the semi-gentle or semi-noble lady or gentleman, with a moderate income, hovering about the Court, and wasting his or her time at watering-places, is about as useless a person as is provided for on the earth. National Loans giving national security to a great multitude of such little incomes, are a great and permanent injury to the national spirit. They substitute idleness for activity, and make drones of the people who should be honey-bees. We say nothing against the desire to relieve children from some of the difficulties their parents have encountered; but the State should not encourage a system which, aiming to set aside a dispensation of Providence, dooms the many to increased toil, while it deprives others of motives for honourable exertion.

Let us cast a glimpse for a moment at the comparative expense. The security of the Government is not to be surpassed, and therefore money or capital will be lent to it in preference. It will be abstracted from trade and manufactures. But the security of the Government is already pledged to an immense sum, in which much of the available funds of all the moneyed classes is invested. The money so invested, as the rule, is withdrawn from the old securities and lent on the new. The old securities are sold to the public at large, who are tempted to purchase by a fall in the price of the Funds. The capitalists who sell out of one security to invest in another of only equal validity, or advance the Loan, would not do this unless they were to gain by it. Thus we may be quite sure that every new Loan is contracted for at some percentage rate of interest higher than the market rate of interest on all the previously existing securities. Capitalists will only take it as a more advantageous investment, and the Loan can only be made on terms advantageous to them. Their sale of old securities, together with the superior rate of interest on the new Stock, invariably have the effect of depreciating all existing securities. The whole of our £300,000,000 of debt will be to some extent lowered in value by a new loan of ten or twenty millions. After a season the new and the old securities come to have an equal market value; but the addition of so much new Stock to that already in the market lessens the value of the whole; and, where it is so vast, as in England, a very small percentage on the whole may be equivalent to the new Loan. All the possessors, therefore, of landed property, and all other securities, will lose, to some extent, to enrich the contractors and grantees of the new Loan. This is one of the losses.

The Government, by its Loan, enters into competition with all the industrious classes, who carry on their business partly by credit. It offers a higher than the current rate of interest for the use of capital, and it suddenly abstracts so much capital from trade. It raises for a time, *pro tanto*, the rate of interest throughout the community; and a few pennies increase on all the paper negotiated in the year—many thousand millions—would be equivalent to a considerable increase in the rate of the Property-tax. To all trade an increase in the rate of interest is a serious evil; and, like a small tax, puts a stop to many transactions, much to the public detriment.

Let us suppose that the increased expense of the war for the year is £20,000,000 over and above the ordinary expense of our military armaments. By increasing the rate of Direct Taxation this might be raised without adding sixpence to the cost of levying it, and without imposing a single additional restriction on the industry of any class. All would be left as free as at present to gain more. It would impose on many a necessity to expend less, and might stimulate exertion to gain more. They would endeavour to save the tax, and no other injury would be done by it to the productive power of the nation than the unavoidable diversion from the profitable work of making carriages and breeding horses, importing wine and preparing feasts, to the destructive work of war. By Direct Taxes the State induces people to save in another direction, and to exert themselves to gain. Loans supply less motive for saving, and consequently the destruction of war and the destruction of extravagance continue together. By Taxation to meet the expense of war we check the extravagance and dry up one source of loss and ruin. To make a pecuniary estimate of the advantage is not possible; still we believe it would be equal to the amount of the Loan; and which in the end the public would save.

The waste of labour and of capital by the war cannot be stopped, and the problem is to make it as little as possible. The most direct means is the best. For the mere management of the Debt the annual cost is not less than £263,000. If we raise an additional £20,000,000, paying the Bank £300 per million for management, we should have to pay £6000 per annum more. There will be premiums and other incidental expenses amounting to a considerable sum. In no case does the whole amount of money contracted for find its way into the Exchequer; and former modes of borrowing, perhaps now to be repeated, subjected the nation to a loss on the Loans contracted chiefly during Mr. Pitt's administration of from £7,000,000 to £8,000,000. If we look at the depreciation of property already produced, at the loss to trade by raising the rate of interest, at the waste caused by Loans, there can be no question that in a pecuniary sense it is much less disadvantageous to defray the expense of the war year by year by Taxation than to defray any part of it by Loans. The present loss to the industrious classes, merely to enrich a few moneyed capitalists, would be very great; and the evils of Taxation as continued beyond the period of war, to pay the interest of the Loan, would be to our posterity, as we have found it, nothing short of a dire curse.

FRENCH MEDICAL STATISTICS.—From the 10th October to the 30th November, from 8000 to 9000 sick and wounded entered the French ambulances. 1000 have died, 1500 have returned to their duty, and 6000 have been sent to the hospitals at Constantinople. This, therefore, is an average of less than 3000 per month, more than one-half of whom rejoined their ranks after a month's absence, and which reduces the total of the losses for the effective strength of the Army to 1500 per month, that is to say, a loss of about two per cent per month on our effective strength, which is a trifling loss when we take into account the arrival of fresh contingents.

THE ROYAL WEST INDIA MAIL STEAM-SHIP "TRENT."

ALTHOUGH we have frequently had occasion to notice the services of the steam-transport fleet, chartered by the Government for the conveyance of troops and stores to the Black Sea, there are many of the vessels employed which deserve more than a passing word. The West India mail-steamship *Trent*, under the command of Captain Gordon Ponsonby, is one of those which has been found most useful since the commencement of the operations in the Black Sea, as the following record of her services will show:—

The *Trent* left Southampton on the 4th of April, 1854, with the 23rd Regiment—1180 strong—for Constantinople. Notwithstanding her heavy living freight, she towed up from Malta, on her way, the steam-ship *Tonning*, Franklin commander, that ship having broken down. Both ships encountered a heavy gale in the Doro passage, during which the hawseers parted. The *Trent* stood by, and, fresh cables having been made fast, the two vessels proceeded on their way. The *Trent* then returned to Malta with the *Tonning* in tow; and, on her arrival there, she was fitted as a horse-transport, by order of Admiral Stewart. Having taken on board 700 men of the 53rd, and staff horses to the number of 120, she again proceeded to Constantinople. These horses had been brought to Malta in the *Dalbek* and *Sinla* screw-steamers, which were found to roll too heavily at sea to be fit for the safe carriage of cavalry. From Constantinople the *Trent* sailed for Varna with 328 horses and 200 men. She returned, immediately on landing them, to Constantinople, where she again shipped 315 horses and 200 men. With these she proceeded safely to Varna. On her return from this service, the *Trent* was ordered by Admiral Boxer to take Captain Nolan and Captain Thompson to Beyrout, where horses were purchased for the remount of Artillery. There was one horse lost on the passage back to Varna. Returning again to Constantinople, the *Trent* took up to Varna 299 horses and 50 men for the Commissariat; and having safely landed these, she proceeded to Barcelona. There, notwithstanding the state of confusion in which the town was placed by the outbreak of the revolution, 325 miles, with their drivers, were shipped; and Captain Ponsonby had the satisfaction of taking out in safety Generals Roches and Gonzales, the Captains-General of Catalonia, and the Attorney-General of Spain, whose lives were in jeopardy from the attacks of the mob.

The mules having been landed without loss, the *Trent* took part in the first expedition to the Crimea, taking on board and landing in safety the whole of the 11th Hussars and part of the 17th Lancers. Proceeding from Old Fort to Varna, she took on board the Inniskillings, and a number of staff horses for Lord Raglan, Lord Cardigan, and General Scarlett; and though she encountered a heavy gale, during which the *Hip Van Winkle* parted from her, she reached Balaklava without a single loss in men or horses. From Balaklava the *Trent* proceeded to Burgas, and took up in safety to Kherston Bay 304 men and horses of the French Chasseurs d'Afrique. Returning to Varna, she brought back to Balaklava 60 draught horses for the Artillery, and 242 French gunners and horses. During her stay at Varna she had ridden out one of the severest gales of the season, making her way out, under steam, through the midst of a mass of sailing transports. Damaged as she was on this occasion, her paddle-box boats being unserviceable, her other boats swept away, and her bowsprit carried off, she still performed valuable service. Though further damaged in the gale of the 14th at Balaklava, she took from thence 320 sick and wounded to Constantinople without the loss of a man. From Constantinople she brought a large number of invalids to Malta, where she is now refitting. During the whole of her trip the *Trent* towed seventy sailing-ships.



THE ROYAL WEST INDIA MAIL-PACKET "TRENT," AT MALTA.

Such is a catalogue of the services rendered by one of our transport steam fleet in a period of eight months. Doubtless many other steamers—the *Medway*, Captain Baynton; the *Orinoco*, the *Himalaya*, the *Emperor*, the *Jason*, the *Simla*, the *Hydaspes*—have done excellent service also; but none, at all events, have done it better, or more effectually, than the *Trent*.

THE HOSPITAL, SCUTARI BARRACKS.

We have been favoured by a Correspondent at Constantinople with the accompanying View of the Barracks at Scutari; and from another obliging Correspondent we have received the following extract from a letter, dated Dec. 14th, from the Rev. C. E. Hadow, Resident Chaplain, Scutari Barracks:—

This Hospital, which is the larger of the two, is capable of containing 3000, but has not more than 2000 in it now. It is a wonderful institution; and great credit is due to Dr. MacGrigor, and those under him, for so admirably arranging the accommodation for the sick and wounded. His difficulties must

have been enormous; but he has triumphed over them, and it is now beautifully arranged. I enclose you a plan of the building, showing all the floors now used as Hospital in these Barracks. It improves daily, and through the joint co-operation of Dr. MacGrigor and Lieut. Gordon, R.E., it will, doubtless, become a model for military hospitals. The corridors, full length, contain 200 men—the wards an average of 30. The medical officers and the nurses have, now that the Engineers have repaired the south-west side of the building, the means of preparing accommodation for the freshly-arrived patients, so that they no longer wait in the passages on their beds, but are taken immediately to the ward, or corridor, prepared for their reception. I can find my way about to any ward, and to any man, with perfect ease, thanks to Lieut. Gordon's having lettered the corridors and numbered the wards. The comforts which our men enjoy here are very many:—First, there is assiduous medical attendance, and careful watching by orderlies or nurses, good shelter, good food, warm beds, and, I am happy to add, warm rooms, from the stoves now put up by Lieut. Gordon.

The kitchen of Miss Nightingale is constantly at work for those, too, who require extra nourishment. She herself is literally everywhere, and her emissaries do their best to emulate her activity. They are the first to call the aid of the doctor at a critical moment and I can add with much gratitude that

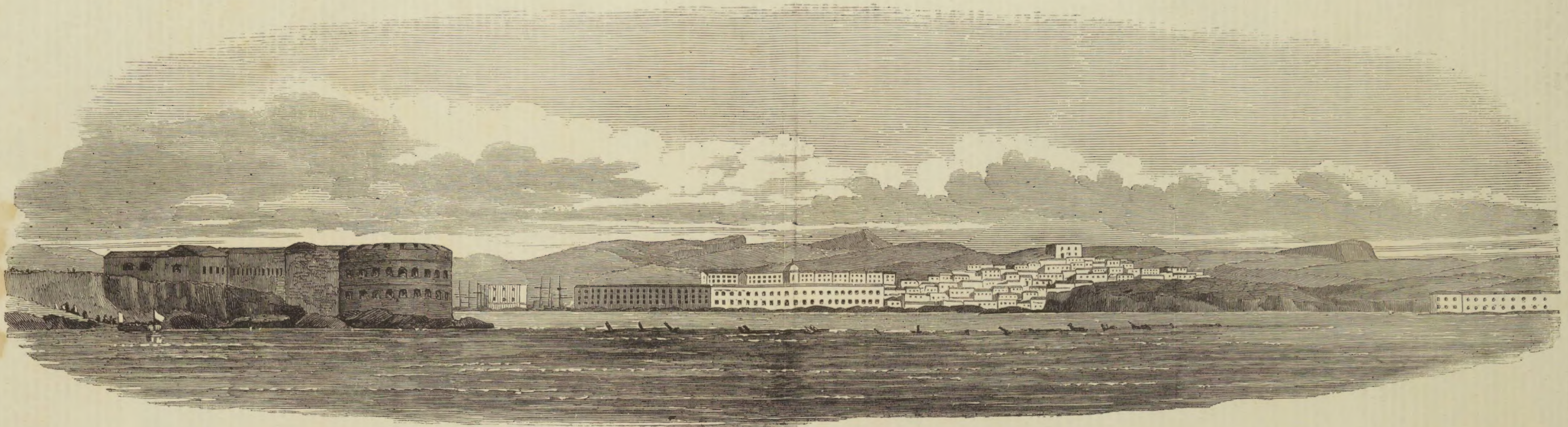
they never miss an opportunity of sending to the chaplain when the way seems opened to the heart of any poor fellow whom they may be tending.

With regard to my labours, I can truly say they have been most encouraging. Great respect is paid to the clergy by the soldiers, and the eagerness with which many of them look for our visits leads one to hope that some really care for the message which we bring. The convalescents come to our services when they know the hour (for as yet there are no clocks in the corridors; get rich friends to send some out). On Sunday nights my quarters (Corridor A 18) are crowded with a most attentive set; and on the week-day, at seven o'clock, there is a gathering in Corridor F, Quart. 5, where the evening service and a short exposition on the second lesson attracts them; last night the first chapter of the First Epistle of St. Peter was very forcibly felt, as addressed to "Strangers scattered in Bithynia."

The chaplains now here are Mr. Halpin and Mr. Lawless, chaplains of division; Mr. Sabin, and Mr. Lewes, together with myself. Mr. Halpin and Mr. Sabin share this hospital with me; Mr. Lewes and Mr. Lawless work the General Hospital, containing about 1600; and, we take it by turns at the Hulks moored off Pera, which contain about 600. The funerals also we share they have averaged about 100 a week, but are now decreasing, I rejoice to tell you.



BARRACKS AT SCUTARI.—THE BRITISH HOSPITAL.



SEBASTOPOL

FORT ALEXANDER.

THE accompanying Sketch of Fort Alexander was taken by an officer of the *Valorous*, who was present when the Russian prisoner, Captain Kouyowloff, was landed at Sebastopol, on the 7th ult., in exchange for Lord Dunkellin, and who forwards an account of what he saw:—

On the 7th December the *Valorous*, 16, paddle steam-frigate, Captain Buckle, having received instructions from the Admiral, proceeded off Sebastopol, for the purpose of landing the prisoner Captain Kouyowloff (exchange of Lord Dunkellin). When about two miles off the outer fort, the ship was stopped, the Russian ensign hoisted at the main, and a flag of truce at the fore. A cutter was then manned, and sent in with the prisoner, under a flag of truce, in charge of the First Lieutenant, accompanied by the Chaplain, to act as interpreter. We pulled in for the outer forts, and, on nearing Fort Alexander, a Russian boat pulled out and showed us a passage by which we might approach the beach, as we had some difficulty in avoiding the rocks which lie off the point. A convenient place was then pointed out, where we landed, and delivered our charge over to the embraces of his countrymen, who flocked down in crowds to the beach to welcome the returned captive.

We now had a good opportunity of observing the fortifications, which were within fifty yards of our place of landing. Fort Alexander, as shown in the Sketch, appears very similar in construction to the fortifications of Bomarsund; the only apparent difference being, that the top of the former has a tier of guns mounted on it, which are protected by sand-bag parapets, whereas the latter had none. We also saw close to us the mast-heads of the sunken vessel at the entrance of the harbour. The passage appears to lie between them and Fort Alexander.

Our prisoner and his baggage having been landed, we returned to our ship; and it was on our way off that the Sketch was taken.

Fort Alexander is a strong, square fort, mounting 84 guns, in two tiers. It lies next to the Quarantine Fort, from which it is distant about 300 or 400 yards. An officer on board the *Valorous*, who officiated as interpreter on the above occasion, gives the following account of the transaction:—

Yesterday (Dec. 7) we received orders to take on board from the flag-ship a Russian Captain of Artillery, and land him, under protection of a flag of truce, at Sebastopol, to be exchanged for Lord Dunkellin. So we went down to the forts, carrying a flag of truce at the fore, and the Russian ensign at the main; our

own ensign being, as usual, at the mizen. On drawing near the forts we lowered a boat with a white flag, and the Russian went under charge of our First Lieutenant. I went as interpreter-general. The Captain asked me whether I would like to go, which just anticipated my wish. We had a fine morning, and a delightful pull in to the shore, so that we had a close view of the mud batteries Fort Constantine, the Long Fort, the shore battery, &c.; we

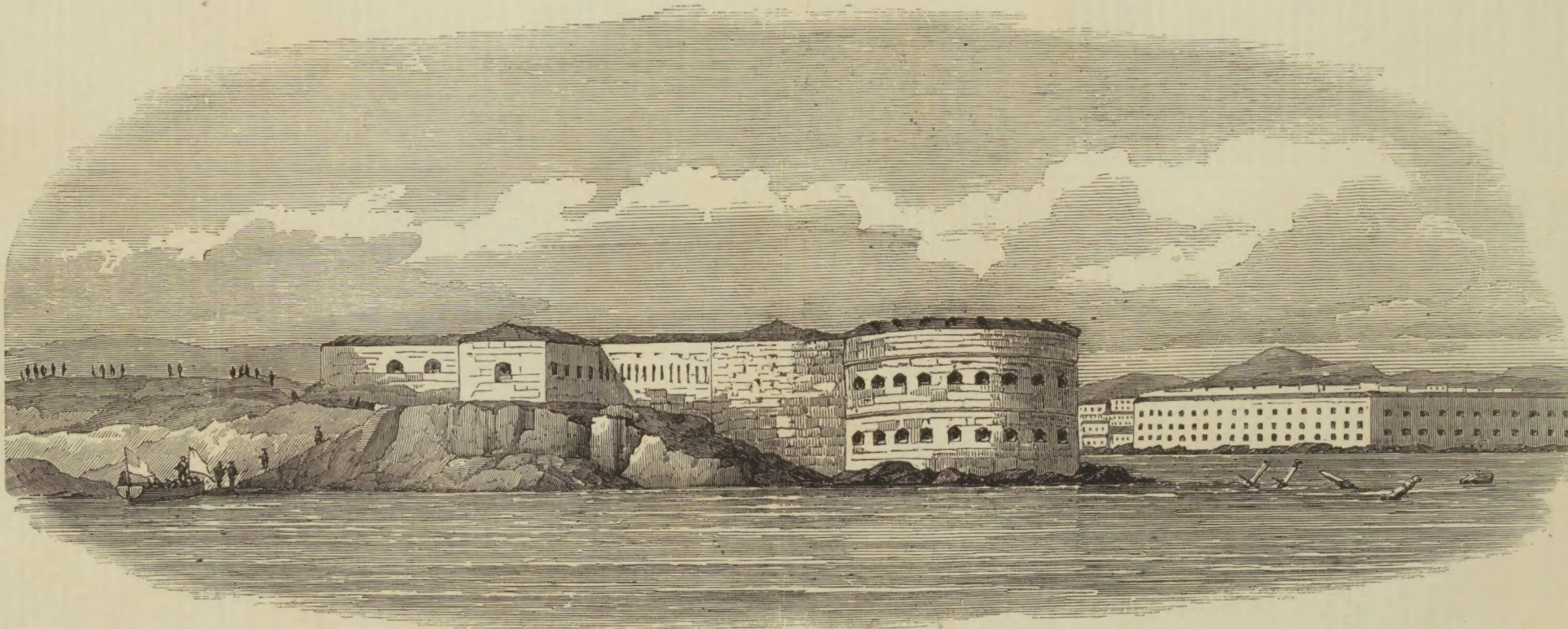
also saw the sunken vessels, and the rocks and stones that have been thrown in to make the place shallow. A boat met us, and guided us in, where a great many Russian soldiers and officers were all standing without arms, in compliment to the flag of truce. We landed, and gave up the Russian captain to the officer appointed to receive him. We took leave of him, and in going away the Russian superior officer shook hands with us; and, between the French talking

and the unarmed men, one would scarcely suppose we were enemies at all.

The same officer, in his description of the affair on the 6th ult., in which the *Valorous* played so brave a part, says:—

As I know you are most anxiously regarding the war with Russia in a prophetic point of view, perhaps it may interest you to hear of the chase of two Russian steamers into Sebastopol by her Majesty's ship *Valorous*, on the 6th of December, 1854. The particulars are these:—The fleet lay at some distance from the harbour in a safe anchorage, one small French steamer being the only vessel anchored close in, just outside the range of the forts; she was stationed there as a look-out. We perceived the French steamer suddenly slip her cable, and go out to sea as fast as possible in the direction of the fleet, firing, meanwhile, upon a Russian steamer which was fast coming out from under the forts in pursuit and firing on the Frenchman, who, from his inferior size, was forced to keep up a running fire. We at once received the order, "Up anchor," and the capstan flew round; but, as there was a deep anchorage, and, consequently, a good deal of chain out, it would have taken some time, but that the appearance of a second Russian steamer made the Admiral make signal, "Chase the enemy at once." This, of course, was enough—they ceased to heave up the anchor, buoyed the chain, and let it run out; and having thus "slipped the cable," we went in at the Russians full speed; and, although the Russian steamers, Fort Constantine, the Wasp Battery, and the long mud battery, were all firing upon us, we were able to make them retreat into Sebastopol.

I thought Bomarsund hot work; but it was nothing to this. In the Baltic our guns were so large that we were able to batter the forts, while we escaped, to a great extent, by keeping out of the range of the forts' guns. On this occasion, however, we escaped by the reverse of that course—namely, by running close in under the batteries, so that two-thirds of their shot and shell went over us. It was a very daring thing to do. But our Captain is a fine, cool, brave man under trying circumstances. Many of the Russian shot and shell told upon the hull and rigging of the vessel: several marks are on the sides—the ropes are cut, and a large shot went right through our large ensign at the mizenmast-top. One of our boats was shot away. Several shells burst over us, and the men picked up the splinters and pieces on deck. Notwithstanding this, and the fact that these were the same batteries that injured the fleet so much before, and that on one occasion we were so close in as to see Riflemen creeping along the beach and firing on us, yet, strange to say, we had not one man killed nor one wounded.



FORT ALEXANDER, SEBASTOPOL.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN DURING THE LANDING OF THE PRISONER KOUTOWLOFF.

LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM. Written by HIMSELF. S. Low, Son, and Co.

Barnum, the Yankee showman, having made a princely fortune, and built a princely residence out of the contributions of a gullible public, resolves, while yet in the meridian of life, to spend the remainder of his days in tranquillity, in his own home, in the midst of his family; home and family, as he observes (for Barnum is sometimes seriously inclined, and troubled with lofty aspirations), home and family being "the highest and most expressive symbols of the kingdom of heaven!" Well! Barnum, looking back upon the chequered career of the past, has some misgivings, and in his celestial retreat having also some leisure, he resolves to make a clean breast of it, and reveal to the public—the proceeds of whose credulity he is revelling in—how shamelessly on all occasions he has bamboozled them. A man less squeamish than Barnum, or, as he would say, less *conscientious*, would have shrunk into his boot before making such revelations; he would have considered that in so doing he was only adding insult to injury, and might tremble for the windows of Iranistan. But Barnum has no such misgivings; he knows his public, and justly shows his supreme contempt for them by giving them a kick at parting:—"It will be seen," says he, "that I have not covered up my so-called 'humbugs,' but have given a full account even of such schemes as 'Joice Heth,' and the 'Fejee Mermaid,' and the 'Woolly Horse,' while I trust that I have displayed no more than an *honest pride* (!) in recounting the history of the American Museum and General Tom Thumb. The musical campaign of Jenny Lind, for which I have on all hands been thanked and congratulated, is herein minutely described. None of my enterprises have been omitted; and, though a portion of my 'Confessions' may by some be considered injudicious, I prefer frankly to acknowledge the corn wherever I have had a hand in plucking it." As for "Joice Heth" (the pretended nurse of General Washington), and the "Fejee Mermaid," and the "Woolly Horse," we shall not enter upon their history; only observing that if they elevate Barnum, in audacity and unscrupulousness, above all travelling showmen on this side the Atlantic, they also prove the vulgar curiosity and easy credulity of Brother Jonathan, to far exceed those of John Bull. The affair of the American Museum, also, we shall pass over, as involving merely points of sharp practice, in which the public had neither act nor part. The history of General Tom Thumb, however, which Barnum recounts "with no more than honest pride," comes nearer home, for more reasons than one, and claims attention. Many readers, who recollect the General's crowded levees at the Egyptian-hall, and who feted the diminutive hero at private parties some dozen years ago, will be glad to know who and what he really was. We have his pedigree and first starting in life thus ("with no more than honest pride") set forth by Barnum himself:—

I had heard of a remarkably small child in Bridgeport, and by my request my brother brought him to the hotel. He was the smallest child I ever saw that could walk alone. He was not two feet in height, and weighed less than sixteen pounds. He was a bright-eyed little fellow, with light hair and ruddy cheeks, was perfectly healthy, and as symmetrical as an Apollo. He was exceedingly bashful; but, after some coaxing, he was induced to converse with me, and informed me that his name was Charles S. Stratton, son of Sherwood E. Stratton.

He was only five years old, and to exhibit a dwarf of that age might provoke the question—How do you know that he is a dwarf? Some licence might indeed be taken with the facts; but even with this advantage I really felt that the adventure was nothing more than an experiment, and I engaged him for the short term of four weeks at three dollars per week—all charges, including travelling and boarding of himself and mother, being at my expense.

They arrived in New York on Thanksgiving Day, December 8, 1842; and Mrs. Stratton was greatly astonished to find her son heralded in my Museum bills as Gen. Tom Thumb, a dwarf of eleven years of age, just arrived from England!

This announcement contained two deceptions. I shall not attempt to justify them, but may be allowed to plead the circumstances in exculpation. The boy was undoubtedly a dwarf, and I had the most reliable evidence that he had grown little, if any, since he was six months old; but, had I announced him as only five years of age, it would have been impossible to excite the interest or awaken the curiosity of the public. The thing I aimed at was, to assure them that he was really a dwarf—and in this, at least, they were not deceived.

Under his great patron's tuition, Master Charles Stratton learned many engaging ways; and soon being recognised as an "established fact," was re-engaged first for a year at seven (increased gradually to twenty-five) dollars a week; then for another year at fifty dollars a week. "with privilege of exhibition in Europe."

The honest showman lost no time in sailing for England with his prize; intent upon turning him to the best account, before, by any treachery of nature, the poor child might show signs of growing. At Liverpool his hopes were sorely struck down when the proprietor of a wax-work exhibition made an offer of only ten dollars a week, for himself and the child at his establishment; and when an affable old Manchester gentleman whom he met one night at the theatre, told him (having regard to the projected exhibition on his own account) "You should put admission at one penny, for that is the usual price for seeing giants and dwarfs in England." However, Barnum had a soul above coppers. "Never," he exclaimed, "shall the price be less than one shilling sterling, and some of the nobility and gentry of England will yet pay gold to see General Tom Thumb." And so they did—to Barnum's, if not to poor Tom's, immense enrichment.

The General was honoured, on more than one occasion, by being summoned into the presence of Royalty. On the first visit of the party to Buckingham Palace, the Lord in Waiting enlightened Barnum upon some points of Court etiquette; notably, as to advancing and retiring with his face to Royalty, and as to answering all her Majesty's inquiries through him—which latter injunction, however, the loquacious Showman did not always adhere to, much to the Lord in Waiting's annoyance. The closing incident of the scene is too amusing to be omitted:—

The Lord in Waiting was perhaps mollified towards me when he saw me following his illustrious example in retiring from the Royal presence. He was accustomed to the process, and therefore was able to keep somewhat ahead (or rather *aback*) of me, but even I stepped rather fast for the other member of the retiring party. We had a considerable distance to travel in that long gallery before reaching the door, and whenever the General found he was losing ground, he turned around and ran a few steps, then resumed his position of "backing out," then turned around and ran, and so continued to alternate his methods of getting to the door, until the gallery fairly rang with the merriment of the Royal spectators. It was really one of the richest scenes I ever saw, especially the concluding section. Running, under the circumstances, was an offence sufficiently heinous to excite the indignation of the Queen's favourite poodle-dog, and he vented his displeasure by barking so sharply as to startle the General from his propriety. He, however, recovered immediately, and with his little cane commenced an attack on the poodle, and a funny fight ensued, which renewed and increased the merriment of the Royal party. This was near the door of exit. We had scarcely passed into the anteroom when one of the Queen's attendants came to us with the expressed hope of her Majesty, that the General had sustained no damage; to which the Lord in Waiting playfully added, that in case of injury to so renowned a personage he should fear a declaration of war by the United States.

The General also visited the Dowager Queen Adelaide, who, after presenting him with a handsome gold watch and chain, took him upon her knee, and "gave him some excellent advice in regard to his morals, which he strictly promised to obey." And then, with a burst of sublime benevolence and piety, Barnum adds: "Indeed, I am happy to say in this place, that I never knew the General to utter a profane or vulgar word in his life. His morals in all respects are unexceptionable, and his disposition most amiable."

Of the amiable and intelligent nature of the poor little fellow we have no grounds to doubt; indeed, he interested all who saw him as much by these qualities, as by the accident of his diminutive formation. And here we pause to speculate with a profound feeling of melancholy upon the future of that "life," which had extended but to seven years at the time Barnum writes of him—nearly two of which he had been hawked about, flattered, and petted as a public idol. Where is he now? Retired, perhaps, upon the wealth amassed in a brief and glittering career of favour! We fear not; how stands the account? Barnum admits that the profits of the exhibition at the Egyptian-hall were about 500 dollars a day, or £600 a week; added to which "the General" attended three or four parties a week, at eight and ten guineas each; making in all, say, very nearly £700 a week; out of which the poor little fellow had for his own share, and that of his parents, fifty dollars, or £10 a week.

The Jenny Lind speculation is too recent, and has been too generally chronicled in the newspapers, to possess "historic interest" at present. Nevertheless, in some of the Showman's revelations of the beginning and ending of that notable affair, are some points which may both amuse and surprise the reader.

Altogether, a more impudent, though, in some respects, edifying, volume, we have seldom met with, in autobiographic literature, than that of Barnum the Showman.

A TREATISE ON THE ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA: for the Use of Schools and Private Students. By G. AINSWORTH, B.A., and J. YEATS, F.R.C.S. H. Ingram and Co.

This is a great improvement upon the old style of school-book, wherein a hard "rule," followed by a dry "example," and a dozen "exercises" for practice, was all that was vouchsafed, the duty of explanation being left for the master. Here, following the more conciliatory method observable in some of the best modern elementary works of the Continent, the authors begin by treating the student as a rational and reasoning being;—in the successive stages of their labours set out with an obvious truth, deduce from it a simple consequence; and so, step by step, make their way to the position

or result intended to be established; so that the "rule" is learned before it is propounded. The charm and advantage of this mode of instruction must be obvious to all who contrast with it their recollections of the old parrot fashion in which they got up their "Bonycastle" in early youth, to the tender accompaniment of the writing-master's ferule. The mind is interested and encouraged, instead of being insulted and oppressed, and that which is so acquired will not be easily forgotten.

The Treatise comprehends every branch of the study usually falling within the province of what is termed the "first part" of Algebra (ending with quadratic equations); and the observations upon arithmetical, geometrical, and harmonic progressions, ratios, permutations, combinations, and variations, present these curious departments of figure calculation in a most attractive form. The examples throughout are abundant and well chosen.

AUSTRALIA AND ITS GOLD-FIELDS. By EDWARD HAMMOND HARGRAVES, late Commissioner of Crown Lands in Australia. H. Ingram and Co.

Mr. Hargraves, to whose quick intuitive perception and prompt and well-directed research we are indebted for the discovery of the gold deposits in Australia—a discovery whose important and beneficial results it is impossible at this time to foresee or over-estimate—publishes in the present volume an authentic account of the history and incidents of that discovery, the observations which led to it, and the consequences which immediately followed and are likely to follow upon it. He also goes into an interesting history of the origin and progress of the colony generally; and of Gold in all times and in all parts of the world. In a word, Australia and Gold is his twin theme, and anything that relates to either receives attention and elucidation at his hands. As a settler of some years' standing in the colony—one who has fought his way to independence in it, when its produce was restricted to that of the field and the flock, Mr. Hargraves takes increased pride and interest in it now that gold in abundance is poured into its lap; and rightly estimates the revolution which the last accession is likely to work both in the character of the population and the tenure of land. His concluding chapter is devoted to an impartial and lucid consideration of the "present aspect of the land question," in which he points out the danger of leaving the interests involved in it to be settled as chance or interested motives may dictate; and he calls upon the Imperial Government, before finally resigning the colony and its destinies to local management, to make some provision against an obvious difficulty and probable injustice. He alludes more particularly to the pretensions of the "squatter" class—pretensions which, if yielded, would put the bulk of the wealth and influence in the colony into their hands; but our limits will not allow us to do more than refer all interested in this subject to the pages, wherein they will find it ably discussed.

With respect to the gold discoveries, Mr. Hargraves gives all the honour due to Sir Roderick Murchison for what he calls the "scientific discovery;" that is the prediction of the existence of gold in Australia, deduced from observations in geology, and disallows as untenable the pretensions of a Mr. Clarke, who upon grounds most weak, and by a process of reasoning most illogical and fallacious, has attempted to dispute the priority of "scientific discovery" with that gentleman. The practical discovery belongs unquestionably to Mr. Hargraves; and most remarkable is the manner in which it happened. Without laying claim to scientific knowledge, having simply the use of his eyes, and judging it probable that like and like might go together, he was struck with the peculiar character of geological formations in the gold regions of California (whither, with so many thousands of his fellow-colonists, he had gone to "dig") and called to mind the existence of precisely similar tracts of land in Australia, and therefore became so convinced of the existence of gold in the latter, that he wrote to that effect in a letter, dated San Francisco, 5th March, 1850, a letter addressed to S. Peck, Esq., of Sydney. Here is the passage:—"I am forcibly impressed that I have been in a gold region, in New South Wales, within 300 miles of Sydney; and unless you know how to find it, you might live for a century in the region and know nothing of its existence."

In the February of the following year, Mr. Hargraves, having returned to Australia, proceeded at once to the part of the country where his dream of gold was centered, having with him only a simple country lad to assist as helper or guide; and he was not disappointed. Mr. Hargraves' account of the grand discovery is highly graphic and interesting:—Having arrived at the spot he had determined to explore, he first ate his dinner (had he failed, he would not have eaten it afterwards), then with his trowel dug up a portion of loose soil, washed it, and produced gold; and again, and again, the same in other places. "This," he exclaimed, addressing his guide, "is a memorable day in the history of New South Wales. I shall be a Baronet, you be knighted, and my old horse be stuffed, put into a glass case, and sent to the British Museum."

Having communicated his discovery to the Colonial Government, and opened a correspondence in regard to the reward he should receive for it, Mr. Hargraves was induced, as a beginning, to take an appointment as Commissioner of Crown Lands for a twelvemonth, at 20s. per diem; and eventually the Legislative Council awarded him the sum of £10,000 in full requital of his important public service, "an amount," he says, "of compensation, which I by no means complain of;" although he suggests that it is small enough when it is considered that 10s. per cent. commission on the gold exported in the first three years after the discovery (about £50,000,000), would have amounted to £250,000.

Not the least valuable part of Mr. Hargraves' book is that which relates to the theory of the sources of gold, and the various methods of working it in ancient and modern times. He particularly warns his readers against the delusions of the quartz "matrix" theory. Whilst he admits that in some cases gold may be found in quartz in sufficient quantity to repay the expense of crushing, he utterly repudiates the notion that wherever there is quartz there must be gold, and in equal abundance; and predicts the ruin of those who engage inconsiderately in speculations based upon it.

Mr. Hargraves' book will be equally interesting to the colonist and intending emigrant and to the speculator in gold.

A FEW WORDS, by Way of a LETTER, Addressed to the DIRECTORS of the CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY. From S. LEIGH SOTHEY. J. R. Smith.

Mr. Sothey—the well-known and respected auctioneer of art and literary property, of Wellington-street—being a shareholder of the Crystal Palace Company, adopts the press as the medium of communication with the Directors, in preference to making any observations at the next general meeting, at the risk of being "pooh-poohed" by the dominant party and their friends. We think he has done right; and, whatever may come of it, this, his "Few Words by Way of a Letter," will undoubtedly be extensively read by all who are interested in the fate of the great undertaking whose affairs he discusses.

Mr. Sothey, having a residence near the Crystal Palace, has watched over its progress to completion, and its general management, from the hour when the first pillar was erected; and, though a warm admirer still of the general design, he has found abundant grounds for complaint in matters of detail, in almost every department. Financial—the loan, or attempted loan, *i. e.* preference share scheme to begin with; Refreshment—the obtrusive clatter of pots and plates, and the no less obtrusive perfumes at the very entrance; and above all its mismanagement, ending in loss; Artistic—the colouring of the sculpture, which he denounces upon grounds which we fully concur in; and the want of classification in the arrangements, evinced in the placing of a colossal statue of the late Sir Robert Peel opposite the "Farnese Hercules." His criticisms upon the various Courts, and his suggestions to enrich the Assyrian and Pompeian with figures in appropriate costume, after the fashion of those at the Turkish Museum, are worthy of attention. He condemns the Egyptian Court, bedaubed as it is, as conveying but a lame idea of the grandeur and sublimity of the monuments of the ancient Pharaohs; disapproves of attempting a collection of original antique remains, in which he sees a vain and mischievous competition with the British Museum, and the extinction of all hope of a dividend; and looks with a doubtful eye upon the Christmas-Tree, which "by being lighted up, is an inducement to people to remain," and is "perhaps just a 'feeling' for the commencement of a second 'Vauxhall,' or night entertainment!"

These and other strictures—which though occasionally severe, never transgress the bounds of legitimate criticism—Mr. Sothey winds up by recommending certain modifications in the constitution and business arrangements of the direction, having for object a more direct application of the representative system.

THE GLASGOW ART-UNION.—The print issued to subscribers to the Glasgow Art-Union for the present year is from a line engraving by Holl, after Frith's "Coming of Age in the Olden Time;" a picture which was much admired when exhibited at the Royal Academy. The size of engraved surface is 26 inches by 22 inches.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The meetings will be henceforth held at the Society's new house, 15, Whitehall-place. If a member desire to introduce more than one visitor to the meetings, he is requested to apply to the secretary for a card of admission. The map-rooms of the Society will be open to the public from eleven a.m. to three p.m. daily, until further notice.

RUSSIAN CONTENT OF AUSTRIA.—On St. Nicholas-day, according to the Greek calendar, the 18th, General Count Stackelberg, the military member of the Russian Embassy at Vienna, gave a dinner in honour of his Imperial master. The party was exclusively composed of Russians, and severe strictures having been made by one of the guests on the conduct of Austria, a member of the embassy observed that she was not to be feared, "for if Russia but showed her teeth and cried 'Down!' Austria would soon crouch at the feet of the Emperor Nicholas." This allusion to the despatch in which Prince Paskiewitch announced that Georgey had surrendered, and that Hungary was at the feet of the Czar, met with general approbation.

EPITOME OF NEWS.—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Major-General Gough is named in the military circles in Vienna as the successor of General Du Plat as representative of England at the Austrian head-quarters.

Prince Napoleon Bonaparte is said to have received orders to return to France immediately. His recall is ordered on the plea of bad health; having, since his arrival at Constantinople, had a fit of gout.

It is stated in Vienna that Prince Esterhazy, Austrian Ambassador to the Czar, had made preparations to leave St. Petersburg on the 3rd of January.

The latest accounts from Alexandria announce but slight improvement in the health of Lord Haddo, M.P. His Lordship is not expected to return to England before April.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* of the 26th December announces the arrival at Gatchina of the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael. They left Sebastopol on the 15th December to pay a short visit to the Empress, whose health has improved.

Baron Manteuffel has returned from a flying visit to his estates in Lausatia, where he is understood to have established fine flocks, and to have devoted much attention to the improvement of the breed of sheep.

The Countess Poulett is on the eve of starting for Constantinople.

The *Moniteur* contains a notification that, as the Emperor and Empress wish to exercise a free choice in purchasing articles at the Exhibition, they cannot accept any which may be offered to them.

Prince Gortschakoff is making preparations for leaving Vienna. He has dismissed his steward, and has caused the rich furniture which he had recently purchased to be valued by an auctioneer in order to be immediately sold.

The Duke of Buccleuch's mansion, opposite Downing-street, is shortly to be pulled down, and a handsome new edifice erected on its site. The noble Duke has taken the late Earl of Brownlow's house, in Belgrave-square, until his family residence is rebuilt.

The Emperor and Empress of the French, on the occasion of the New Year, received in their apartments the congratulations of Prince Jerome Napoleon, Princess Mathilde, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Lucien Murat, Princess Napoleon Bacciocchi, and the Princess Lucien Murat. The family dinner party which usually takes place at the Tuileries on New-Year's-day was held at the Palais Royale, the residence of Prince Jerome—the Emperor finding himself too fatigued to preside on the occasion at his own table.

The Prince Augustus and Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, accompanied by their youthful family, arrived at Dover on Saturday evening, from Ostend, in one of the Belgian mail-packets. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, with their family and suite, left Dover en route for Claremont, on a visit to the ex-Royal family of France.

Lord Desart has lately served his tenantry with notice that he will not henceforth permit them to grow potatoes, as they were a failing crop.

The reports of Count Molé's illness are entirely unfounded. He is in excellent health.

A funeral service to the memory of M. Visconti, the architect, at which the Minister of State, M. Lefuel, several members of the Institute, and a number of other friends of the deceased were present, was performed in Paris on Saturday at the Church of St. Philippe du Roule.

On Thursday evening week Mr. Charles Dickens gave a reading of his "Christmas Carol" in St. George's-hall, Bradford, before a very numerous and respectable audience. The reading was given gratuitously, in aid of the funds of the Temperance Educational Institute of that town. There were at least 3000 persons present, many of them from Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, and neighbouring towns.

Barnum, the American speculator, submitted his "Autobiography" to the New York publishers for the highest bidding. Fifteen bids are recorded, the highest being 75,000 dollars (equal to £15,000), and 66,000 copies of the work are said to have been subscribed for by the retail booksellers before it was put up to competition.

Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who was obliged to withdraw from Ireland in consequence of the part he took in the proceedings of the Irish Confederation in 1848, and who has been, during the intervening period, conducting a Roman Catholic newspaper in the United States, is about to revisit his native country.

M. Guerazzi, whose recent work, published at Pisa, and suppressed by orders from Florence, has had an immense clandestine circulation and created a sensation in Italy, is engaged on two new themes. A novel may be shortly expected from his hand, having Gen. Paoli, the last of the Corsicans, for hero.

Seven printers, booksellers, and proprietors of circulating libraries, have been ordered by the Hessian Government to close their business establishments in Cassel.

The Scottish Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures connected with architecture was opened on Friday week, in the building erected for the purpose in Bath-street, Glasgow.

All the efforts made by Prussia to induce the small German States to allow themselves to be represented, at the Great Exhibition of Paris, by the Prussian Commissioner have completely failed. Each has resolved to have a Commissioner of its own.

Among the curiosities which will be sent from Australia to the Paris Exhibition is part of the trunk of a gum-tree, now growing at Botany Bay, on which the great navigator, La Pérouse, carved his name when he anchored off that part of the coast.

The Mayor of Hobart Town has paid into the colonial treasury £2000, to be remitted to England for the aid of the wives and families of British soldiers during the war.

The Governor of Nova Scotia has issued a proclamation admitting certain American goods, under the Reciprocity Treaty, free of duty.

A ukase had been issued by the Czar ordering that for the soldiers forming the garrison of Sebastopol each month's service shall count for a year.

Several extensive districts of the west coast of Inverness and Ross shires are at this moment threatened with a famine. The potato crop of this season has turned out almost as bad and scanty as that of 1855-6.

A letter from Berlin states that the French Government is buying up most of the stocks of wine in the Moselle for the Army.

At the last weekly meeting of the Manchester Board of Guardians, a plan for the erection of a new workhouse, at the estimated cost of £36,300, and £7000 for the site, was adopted.

An earthquake took place at Marseilles on the 29th ult., which was also felt in the country around. The shock, which came from north to south, lasted about three seconds.

Two Juvenile Reformatories are to be built in Liverpool, one on land, the other in a hulk in the river.

Three millions of francs are to be spent on the new cathedral at Lille. The competition for architect is open to all Europe. The successful competitor will receive 10,000*fr.*; the second approved design, 4000*fr.*; and the third, 2000*fr.*

There are only 24,118 persons in Ireland assessed to Income-tax; and the total amount assessed is £569,271—which gives an average of £23 12*s.* for each person.

The lower part of the town of Dantzic has been inundated by some dikes in the neighbourhood giving way. The magnificent Gothic Barracks were undermined; and in danger of falling. All the soldiers were got out in boats, but one officer was drowned.

Since the introduction of Mr. Forbes Mackenzie's Act there has been a great deal of illicit distilling in Kintyre, and the Excise officers have become proportionately active.

The Russian Government has issued orders to its agents to engage as many rifle gunmakers as possible in Germany and Belgium, and to forward them to the Imperial arms factories at Tula and elsewhere.

The Horticultural Society have issued their circular for meetings in the present year. Among the changes which take place, we observe that the garden meetings are to be held on Wednesdays instead of Saturdays.

The Americans are going largely into the Australian trade. They have a regular monthly line of sailing-vessels conveying the mails from New York. In the fifteen months ending with September, there had arrived at the port of Melbourne more than 100 American vessels, with 125,000 tons of merchandise, valued at three millions sterling.

A pan, containing about 600 gold coins, mostly Spanish but some English, was recently dug up in the city of Utrecht. The earliest of these coins is of the year 1436, the latest of 1534.

The manufacture of small-arms, particularly guns and bayonets, continues very active in Birmingham, and contracts are represented to be progressing satisfactorily.

Mr. Jackson has invented a method of expanding gas by the introduction of a platinum wire into the burners, which effects a saving of 17 to 25 per cent., while an equal amount of light is afforded.

Upon a farm near Ipswich several foundation walls and a considerable quantity of tessellated pavement have been uncovered, and appear to have belonged to a Roman villa.

A successful inventor has offered the War-office an electric rifle which greatly surpasses any weapon in use, flinging a ball from 1000 to 2000 feet, at the rate of sixty shots per minute.

NEW MUSIC, &c.

NEW MUSIC, &c.

LITTLE COCK ROBIN QUADRILLES, by D'ALBERT. Just published, with six exquisite illustrations in colours. Price 4s. A most attractive Musical Present. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond-street.

CINDERELLA: A New Quadrille, by D'ALBERT; Companion to Cock Robin. The tale illustrated in six coloured drawings by Brandard, upon a new plan. Price 4s. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond-street.

SEBASTOPOL: an English National Quadrille, by D'ALBERT, introducing the favourite airs—The British Grenadiers, the Flag that Braved a Thousand Years, Wapping Old Stairs, Rule Britannia, and Hearts of Oak. Price 3s. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond-street.

WHAT WILL THEY SAY IN ENGLAND? A New Song in honour of the Victory of the Alma. Written by the Rev. J. S. MONSELL. Composed by J. W. HOBBS. Price 2s. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond-street.

D'ALBERT'S ALBUM for 1855. Second Edition, just published, containing Seventeen New Pieces, written expressly by this very popular Composer, and forming the most attractive Musical Album yet produced. Beautifully illustrated by Brandard, and bound in the most costly and elegant style. Price 18s. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond-street.

IT WAS MY FATHER'S CUSTOM. Christmas Song, by F. SHIRIVALE. Price 2s., postage free. HAMMOND, 9, New Bond-street.

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